

The Sketch

No. 889.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



A HEN-PHEASANT'S PLUMAGE THAT COST MORE THAN 12,000 PHEASANTS: MME. SIMONE
IN HER "LA FAISANE" COSTUME IN "CHANTECLER."

Apart from the poetry of the play, a great deal of the success of "Chantecler" will depend upon its scenic arrangements. Mme. Simone's wonderful dress, for which every effort has been spent to make her look as like a bird as possible, consists of a whalebone frame covered with canvas. Over this there is a further covering of feathers. To get the true effect of the markings of a pheasant, it was found necessary to have over twenty shades of colour, and the whole costume cost £1500.—[Copyright by Larcher; Photograph by Bert]

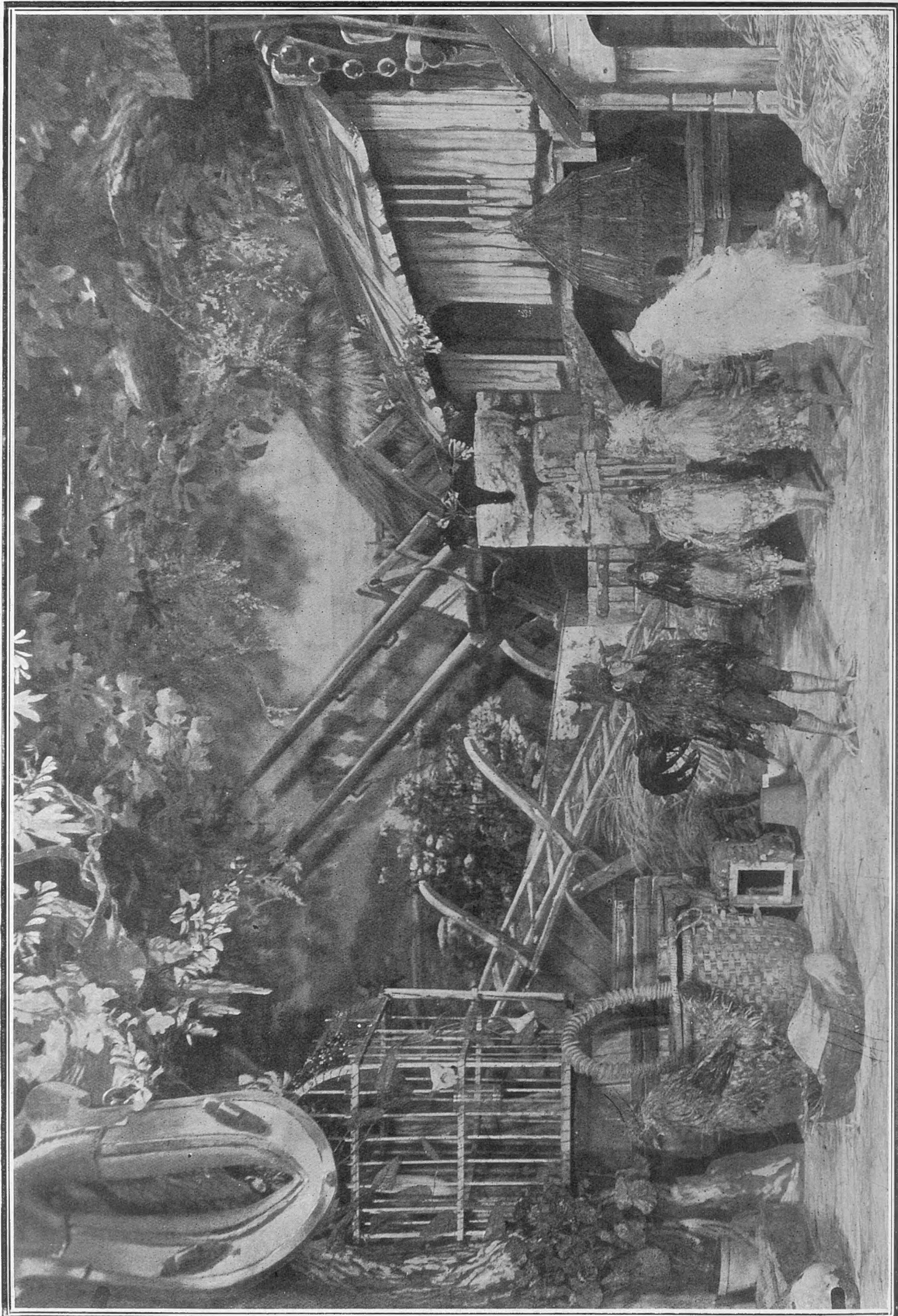


ACT III.—"THE GUINEA-FOWL'S DAY": IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—THE APPEARANCE OF THE PEACOCK.

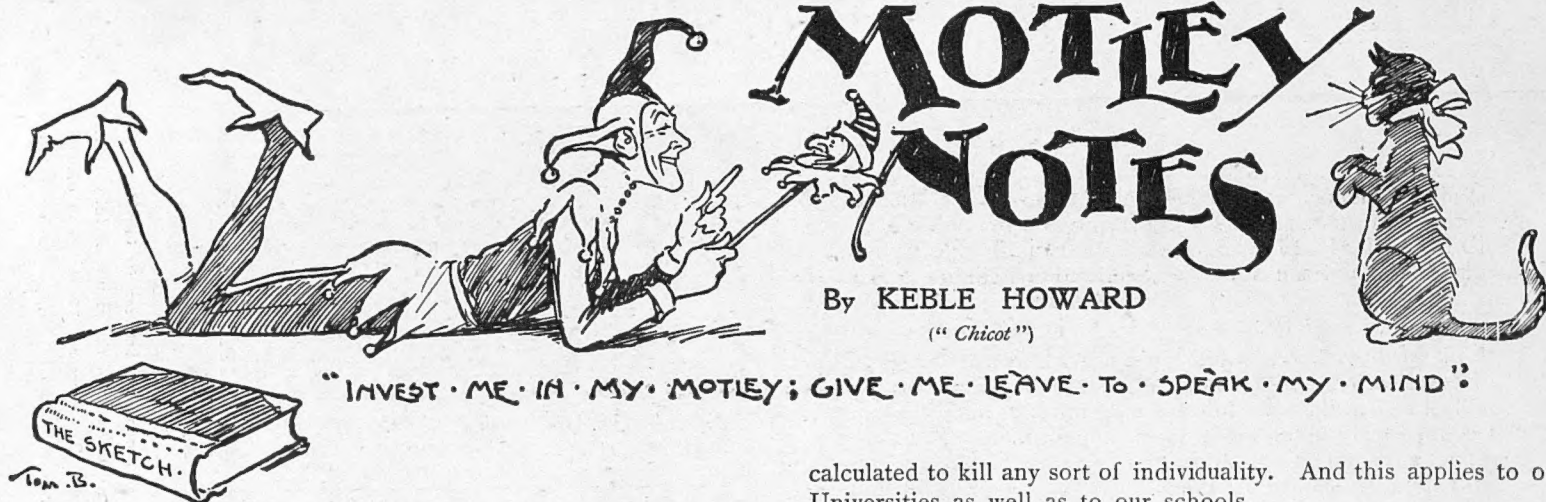
Special attention has been paid by the producers of "Chantecler" to the scenery and the stage properties. To give the realistic effect of a farmyard, it was found necessary to keep the proper proportions between its inhabitants and their surroundings. For instance, in the first scene, the huge blackbird-cage on the left is big enough to enable the blackbird (M. Galipaux) to hop in and out, while the kennel on the right-hand side of the picture is fully 10 feet high. The bee-hive, basket, and horse-collar are all of similarly huge proportions, while in Act III., the scene of the kitchen-garden, there is an enormous hat and a scarecrow 16 feet high. The roses are 13 inches in diameter. In Act I., Chantecler (M. Guirry) is seen conversing with his admiring hens. In Act III., the moment of the arrival of the peacock has been photographed. In this Act can be seen Mme. Leriche in her speckled dress of the guinea-fowl, and M. Galipaux as a somewhat ruffled blackbird.

“CHANTECLER” AT LAST: THE GIANT STAGE PROPERTIES OF ROSTAND’S PLAY.

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ACT I.—“THE HEN PHEASANT’S NIGHT” IN THE CORNER OF A FARMYARD: CHANTECLER (M. GUITRY) AND THE HENS.



Omniscient
Lord Rosebery.

It is all very well for Lord Rosebery to preach *mens sana in corpore sano* at the boys of the Higher School of Edinburgh. It is all very well for him to hold out an eloquent hand and say, "You can only get that healthy mind in a healthy body by working both, not by shuffling either at sports or at work, but by throwing your best heart and best energies into both, and in that way you will not turn out sneaks or drift into the region of the unemployed." Lord Rosebery is a capital talker. It has all been said before, over and over again, but he says it so beautifully that he manages to leave an impression of vast wisdom. I have no doubt that the boys of the Higher School of Edinburgh cheered him like mad, and enthusiastically made up their minds to go in for first-rate minds in magnificent bodies. But they forget, and Lord Rosebery chooses to forget, that the average schoolboy is dependent for his healthy mind in a healthy body, not on himself, but on those set in authority over him. I have no desire to cast the slightest reflection on those in authority at the Higher School of Edinburgh. Speaking quite generally, I should say that nine-tenths of those set in authority over boys in this country have but an imperfect understanding of their business.

How to Become a
Schoolmaster.

The scholastic profession is open to everybody. Any little rascal with a talent for petty book-keeping can open a boarding-school and call himself a schoolmaster. He must be very glib when he talks to parents. To the mother he must praise the dear little fellow's good looks; to the father he must enlarge upon the fine little chap's brains and courage. Never mind how dull or puling the boy, the parents will believe him. Then he must go on to assure them that each boy receives "individual attention." This solemn promise of "individual attention" never fails to win the complete confidence of the parents. "Archie," they explain to the smirking rogue, "is not a bit like other boys. He would never succeed in a class. He needs to be taken out of himself, to be interested. If that is done, you will find him extraordinarily intelligent. We hesitated about sending him to school because we scarcely hoped that, among a number of boys, this would be possible." Now the shark gets in his best work. "In the average school," he says, looking tremendously grave and sympathetic, "that, I fear, is the case. A boy, no matter what his idiosyncrasies, is left to sink or swim. In my school we recognise the enormous importance of individual attention. I never cease to impress this point upon my staff."

What Happens to
Archie.

The parents, flattered beyond measure on being told that Archie has "idiosyncrasies," abandon the poor little wretch with light hearts. They think the world of the "individual attentionist," and send him a cheque for the term's fees in advance by that night's post. As for Archie, he is shoved into the pool with all the other young gentlemen with idiosyncrasies, and left to discover that the sooner he shapes his tastes and inclinations to pass among them unnoticed the sooner will he get enough food by day and enough sleep by night. If he happens to be the average unimaginative, coarse-fibred, rather gross-minded young ruffian, he will be an enormous success after the first week. If he is not, he will either wage constant warfare against overwhelming odds, or develop into just that sneaking hypocrite described by Lord Rosebery. Frankly, it is ridiculous to preach at boys so long as you make slaves of them. Preach at their masters, especially their head-masters, and you may find this country holding its own with other countries in the production of individual men with individual talents. Our present system of education, indoors and out-of-doors, is nicely

calculated to kill any sort of individuality. And this applies to our Universities as well as to our schools.

Archie's New
Game.

The formation of "Boy Scouts" is a move in the right direction, but from the following passage, to be found, I understand, in "The Boy Scout's Diary," it looks as though there should be considerable scope, among the more imaginative of the officers, for the invention of diabolical tortures in the case of wrong-doing: "For a boy scout who uses bad language, the punishment is, for each offence, a mug of cold water to be poured down the offender's sleeve by the other scouts." Let me suggest one or two other little punishments likely to appeal to the loving parents of the scout—

FOR A BOY SCOUT WHO APPEARS ON PARADE IN DIRTY BOOTS—Remove one boot and lop off the small toe. In the case of a second offence, a larger toe, and so on until all the toes are gone. Then dismiss the scout.

FOR A BOY SCOUT WHO IS CAUGHT SMOKING—Nail the offender to a tree by his ears. Then lift up the feet and pull with considerable force.

FOR A BOY SCOUT WHO CHEEKS AN OFFICER.—Stand the offender head downwards in a muddy pool for not less than five minutes. Restore him to life by artificial respiration; then plunge him again into the pool as before. Repeat again and again to taste.

Jeanne d'Arc at
Fulham.

The Army Pageant, to be held in the grounds of Fulham Palace towards the end of June, is evidently to be distinguished for its realism. One of the most striking characters to appear in the Pageant will be Joan of Arc. "Bestriding a spirited white horse, clad in armour, and possibly bearing a standard, she must head a charge of French knights on the Field of Patay, scattering and overwhelming an opposing force of English. Lances will be in front of her and lances behind her. The encounter will be one of the most thrilling in the Pageant." Obviously, then, the lady taking the part of Jeanne must appear in as businesslike a costume as the original. Here are a few details of the Fulham costume—

Scarlet velvet jerkin.

White satin surcoat to the ankles, lined blue, "powdered" with fleurs-de-lis, and edged with gold.

Long jagged sleeves lined with blue, edged with gold.

Scarlet sword-belt and scabbard.

Thus equipped, almost anybody could head a charge of French knights, scattering and overwhelming an opposing force of English. What a pity that poor little Jeanne herself never thought of that white satin surcoat to the ankles, "excellently adapted for charging purposes."

The Man in the
Woollen Scarf.

A notice in a newspaper of *Truth's* annual "Cautionary List" reminds me of a young gentleman whose acquaintance I made in Paris. He was a pleasant-spoken, open-countenanced young fellow, and he was wearing, amongst other things, that emblem of utter respectability—a knitted woollen scarf. He hovered round and round me whilst I was waiting for my train at the Gare St. Lazare. At last he came up. "Excuse me," he said, "but are you an Englishman?" "Yes," I said. "Oh, good," he said; "it's such a relief to meet a fellow-countryman in a strange land, isn't it?" I made no reply. I was looking at that woollen scarf. It was too respectable for anything. "Are you going to London?" he went on. "Yes." "By Dippe?" "Yes." "So am I." "I'm with a party of friends," I added. He tried hard not to look disappointed. I felt awfully sorry for him. I did not see him on the train, and he was certainly not on the boat. I suppose, therefore, he changed his mind at the last moment about going to London.

ROSTAND'S "ALECTRUONOPHONEMENON" AT LAST.



THE MAN WHO MAKES ROSTAND'S SUN RISE EVERY EVENING: M. GUITRY AS CHANTECLER.

The main "clou" to Rostand's "Chantecler" is the belief held by his hero, Chantecler, that the sun can only rise through his crowing. M. Rostand has made a study of the classical allusions to and designations of the familiar "cock-a-doodle-doo" in all languages. The Greek version, "Alectruonophonemenon," can scarcely be considered an improvement upon the English nursery version, or the lighter "Cocorico" of the French.

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MILLS AND BOON.
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Why Did He Do It? Bernard Capes. 6s.
Cousin Hugh. Theo Douglas. 6s.
The Golden Centipede. Louise Gerard. 6s.

RUDALL, CARTE.
The Musical Directory, 1910. 3s.

GENERAL NOTES.

ARDENT playgoers and all those connected with the manage-
 ment of theatres or with the stage will welcome "The Stage
 Cyclopædia" (the Stage Office, 16, York Street, Covent
 Garden), which has just been issued. It is a bibliography of plays,
 giving an alphabetical list of plays and other stage pieces of which
 any record can be found since the commencement of the English
 stage, together with descriptions, authors' names, dates, and places
 of production. Its compilation, the work of Mr. Richard Clarence,
 must have entailed enormous labour, for nearly fifty thousand plays
 are chronicled. It has taken Mr. Clarence nearly twenty years to
 gather the information necessary for the task.

Lady Constance Lytton is making a good recovery in Bedford
 Square, where she is staying with her sister, Lady Emily Lutyens.
 Naturally "Jane Warton" comes out of Walton Gaol, Liverpool,
 very weak in body, though strong in her intention to prove that in
 our prison system, as now administered, one law runs for the rich,
 another for the poor. Some of Lady Constance's friends think that,
 in applying this practical test to prison officialdom, she played the
 "spy." But those who talk thus forget that the Suffragettes
 declared war on the Government, and that in war the spy has his or
 her appointed and fair place. Lady Constance, in prison garb,
 must have recalled the days of her father's Paris Embassy, when all
 her love was given to Paris shop and Paris clothes. Not that she
 was a merely idle follower of the fashions. She had an eye for
 beauty of colour and design, and, being skilful with her needle, she
 made with her own hands most of her own attire. Her father used
 to rally her on her domesticities. But her day was not yet.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.**TO ARTISTS.**

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
 Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
 Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,
 and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand
 words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
 and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general
 articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether
 (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been
 sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
 With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No
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 carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print
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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and
 Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,
 buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.
 Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
 of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
 the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected
 contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not
 accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
 destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,
 paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

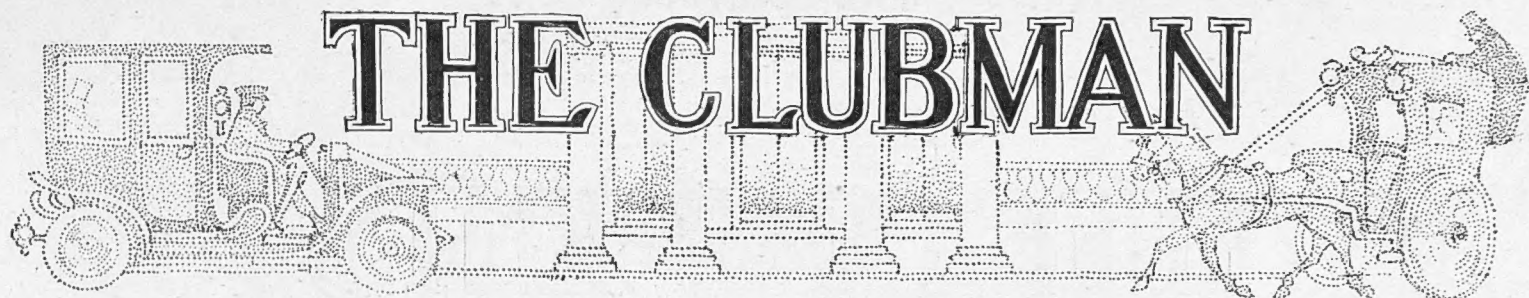
Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
 to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
 the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does
 an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"
 nor has it ever done so.

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**Paris-Plage.**

Of course the Parisians have had their joke over the flood. They have named their half-drowned city Paris-Plage. Quite to appreciate this joke one must know that in the Pas de Calais, at the mouth of the Canche, where two great light-houses stand up above the black line of pine forest, a little watering-place came into existence about twenty-five years ago, and while it was still in embryo state, consisting of a few wooden houses and the site for a casino, it was christened by its promoters Paris-Plage. It has grown into quite a big town now, but the grandeur of its name has always amused the French people. We are going to see something very wonderful done in Paris-Plage-sur-Seine. All the people—and they are many—who wish ill to the "City of Light" have prophesied that it will take her years to recover from the great inrush of the waters, that there will be an epidemic of typhoid, and that many of the streets will be impassable for long periods to come. But those of us who knew our Paris before the great trials of the war and the Commune came upon her know that she can be trusted to make supreme efforts in the days of her adversity, and that she has recuperative powers beyond those of any other city in Europe.

Voisins.

Some of the descriptions of Paris during the flood-times read almost like the descriptions of Paris in war-time. When the French troops drove the Communists from the positions they occupied in the Tuileries Gardens and along the Rue de Rivoli, some of the fiercest fighting was in the Rue St. Honoré, down which the troops forced their way to turn the barricades. I remember when in Paris, immediately after the clearing of the city of the Anarchists, seeing Voisins, the old restaurant at the corner, with its shutters up and its respectable face battered by bullets. Voisins has suffered again, this time by flood; but I sincerely trust that the waters have not damaged its wonderful cellar of red wines, which is the finest in the world. I am afraid the cold Seine may have brought these wonderful Burgundies down to too low a temperature, but otherwise I do not suppose that any irreparable damage has been done. The restaurants in the Rue Royale have also suffered, but none of them has played such a part in history as Voisins has done; and if the revellers of Maxim's have been obliged to go to bed early for a week, I am sure that will be all for the benefit of their health.

Zoological Dishes.

It was at Voisins on Christmas Day, 1870, that the dinner chiefly composed of meat from the animals of the Parisian "Zoo" was eaten. There was "consommé d'éléphant," and "chameau rôti à l'Anglais," and many other curious dishes, and there was also the finest wine of the house, Mouton Rothschild 1848 and other great vintages, to wash down this curious repast. Most of the animals at the Jardin d'Acclimatation have died during this terrible year, but they have not been eaten—at least, not in the restaurants on the boulevards—and neither M. Bracquasac, of Voisins, nor the successor of Vian, of the Rue

Danon, who catered for the Anglo-Saxon colony during the siege, and often gave his clients very strange meats, will have zoological menus to show as curiosities. The crocodiles seem to have given more trouble during the days of the flood than any of the other animals. The saurians made a determined attempt to get down to the Seine. Of course, the cold water would have killed them, but the little midinettes did not know that, and pictured to themselves great snapping jaws coming up out of the water when they were taken for a river excursion by athletic admirers.

The Rivals of Paris.

The Frenchman is not the master in his own house, and his house is by no means his castle. The Parisian whose cellars have been flooded and who does not disinfect his house within twenty-four hours of the water subsiding will find that the Government can take these matters in hand itself in a most disagreeable manner. He will be reported by the concierge, who is always more or less a spy on the people of the house at the door of which he lives; the Government officials will come with their disinfecting materials and will charge the proprietor and his lodgers a swingeing sum for doing the work they should have done themselves; but all this is part of that minute organisation which will enable Paris to be herself again within a few weeks or months. The cities which are trying to rival Paris will find that the butterfly is not drowned. Berlin is the most dangerous of these. The Prussian capital has done, and is doing, everything possible to gain renown as a city of amusement and comfort. It has at least three big hotels which are as splendid as any in Paris or London, one being in many ways a copy of our own Carlton. Its streets are splendidly lighted; it has music-halls of gigantic size, and musical comedies in which bevy of beautiful women appear, and cafés which keep open all night. But, somehow or other, one misses the touch of refinement, the quiet taste that the Parisians show even in their most *risqué* moments. In Berlin everything is over-decorated, everything is too obvious, everything is too new. There are no restaurants in Berlin which have the classical suavity of the Anglais or Voisins, and the German jokes in the musical comedies are like the ladies of the chorus—too undraped.

Vienna and Brussels.

Vienna does not advertise her amusements. An Englishman going to the Austrian capital for the first time thinks that after ten in the evening it is the quietest city he has ever been in. If he has an Austrian friend he will be told where he may make merry up to the small hours of the morning; but the Viennese do not welcome strangers very readily into the Bohemia of the capital. Brussels is too small to be a dangerous rival to Paris. It has not the same variety, and its amusements are very limited. Paris really has no rival, and if flood or fire were to wipe it from the face of the earth its disappearance would be a sorrow to the world.



[Photograph by the Fleet Agency.]

**WHEN GREEK JOINS GREEK, THEN COMES—THE POLICEMAN:
MENALCAS MISUNDERSTOOD IN NEW YORK.**

Our readers will remember that last summer little Menalcas Duncan and his parents, in their Greek attire, drew much astonished attention in London. On a bleak day in New York of late a policeman, unversed in the Idylls of Theocritus, met Menalcas, clad as above, in company with two artists, and, thinking him insufficiently clothed, bore him away to the offices of the Gerry Society, which exists to prevent cruelty to children. His father, Raymond Duncan, having explained that the costume was designed for health, and not for discomfort, was allowed to bring Menalcas away, as shown in the photograph.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

THE *Times* has an article on "The Fencing of Milling - Machines." Without reading any further, it seems reasonable to hazard a guess that this is some new jiu-jitsu dodge with rapier and boxing-gloves.

"We picked up the comet about 5.20," says Professor Turner, of the Observatory at Oxford. These horny-handed astronomers!

There is a meat boycott in America, and a number of people are going about wearing a button on which are the mystic words "Down with Cow." Something similar occurred in England a year or two ago, when a great meeting was held at which the cry was "Down with drink." And the majority of the audience were so impressed that they went out and downed it.

The Society for the Promotion of Physical Beauty is the latest novelty at Chicago, and the lady members have resolved that it is the duty of every woman to attain perfect physical beauty, and if Nature is deficient in her gifts, it becomes a bounden duty to overcome the defects. This announcement has been received with loud cheers in New York, where the society is said to fill Chicago's long-felt want.

Judge Bacon, at the Whitechapel County Court, said that he hoped that the day would come when he would hear the truth in that court. It is this cheery optimism which makes our magistrates the envy and despair of foreign nations.

"NO THOROUGHFARE."

(Much merriment has been caused by the presence in a submerged street in Paris of a notice-board with the words "NoThoroughfare.")

The stream surged blindly to the sea.

The waters swirled and roar'd;
Above the flooded street there rose

A lonely notice-board.

It bent and swayed beneath the rush,

But bore with moistened care
And quite unnecessary zeal

The words, "No Thoroughfare."

All Paris rocked with merriment

At the unconscious jest;
The fatuous notice-board's remark

Gave life a needed zest.

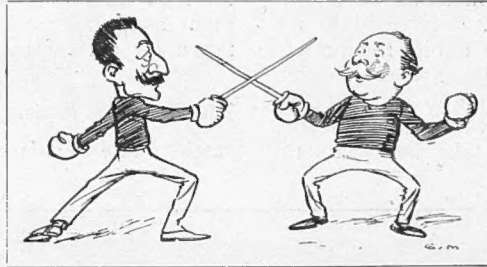
Six feet above the roadway rushed

The waters of despair,
But like the Roman sentinel

Stood up "No Thoroughfare."

Professor Weally, of Michigan University, after prolonged investigation of the subject, says that the size or volume of the brain increases when the individual goes to sleep, and decreases when he awakens. Unfortunately, there are objectionable individuals in whom this state of swelled-headedness continues even during their waking hours.

The scientific judges for the Least Harmful Stakes have placed the competitors in the following order: 1. Pipe; 2. Cigarette; 3. Cigar; also ran, Brown Paper, the property of Smith Minor. Pipe's mount was the well-known German Silver. Both Cigarette and Cigar were tubed.



The giddy Contango snorts with rage
In the depths of the Jungle's gloom.
While Doras cry, and the Canpacs
sigh,
And Berthas refuse to boom.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

(To smoke or not to smoke is a question which is creating exceptional interest and arousing much feeling on the Stock Exchange at the present moment.)

The world is hushed in a whispered awe,
The moon with dread grows pale,
The comet creaks as it sadly sneaks
Along with a chastened tail.
For the Bulls and Bears are in doleful mood
And shrink from the facile joke,
And the earth stands still in its tracks until
We know if the House may smoke.

For the Jobbers never will get a job,
And the Brokers will all go broke,
If they won't dispense with the dread
suspense,
And say if the House may smoke.

The one and only Kaiser has just celebrated his fifty-first birthday. It is almost time that we left off calling him a rash young man.

At the same time, by decorating Dr. Bode, it is impossible to deny that he has justified the famous headline, "The Kaiser on the Bust."

Dirty hands, according to Mr. R. G. Eccles, cause more deaths than bullets, poisons, earthquakes, and railway accidents combined. There are more of them.

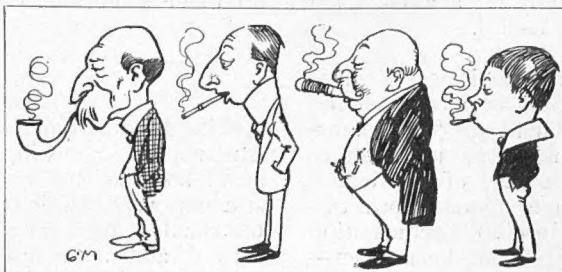
In the Utility Poultry Club's test match for egg-laying, the hens of Sussex have beaten those of Yorkshire all to pieces. Play up, and play the game, Yorkshire. Ducks' eggs are no use.

The Turks are a practical people. They believe that the comet means battle, murder, and sudden death, and so when it sailed into view in Turkey they blazed away at it with every gun and pistol in their possession. This inhospitable reception probably accounts for the rapidity with which it is receding from the earth.

"The truth is that no woman can take a watch seriously," said the jeweller to the interviewer. Unless, of course, she is a professional pickpocket.

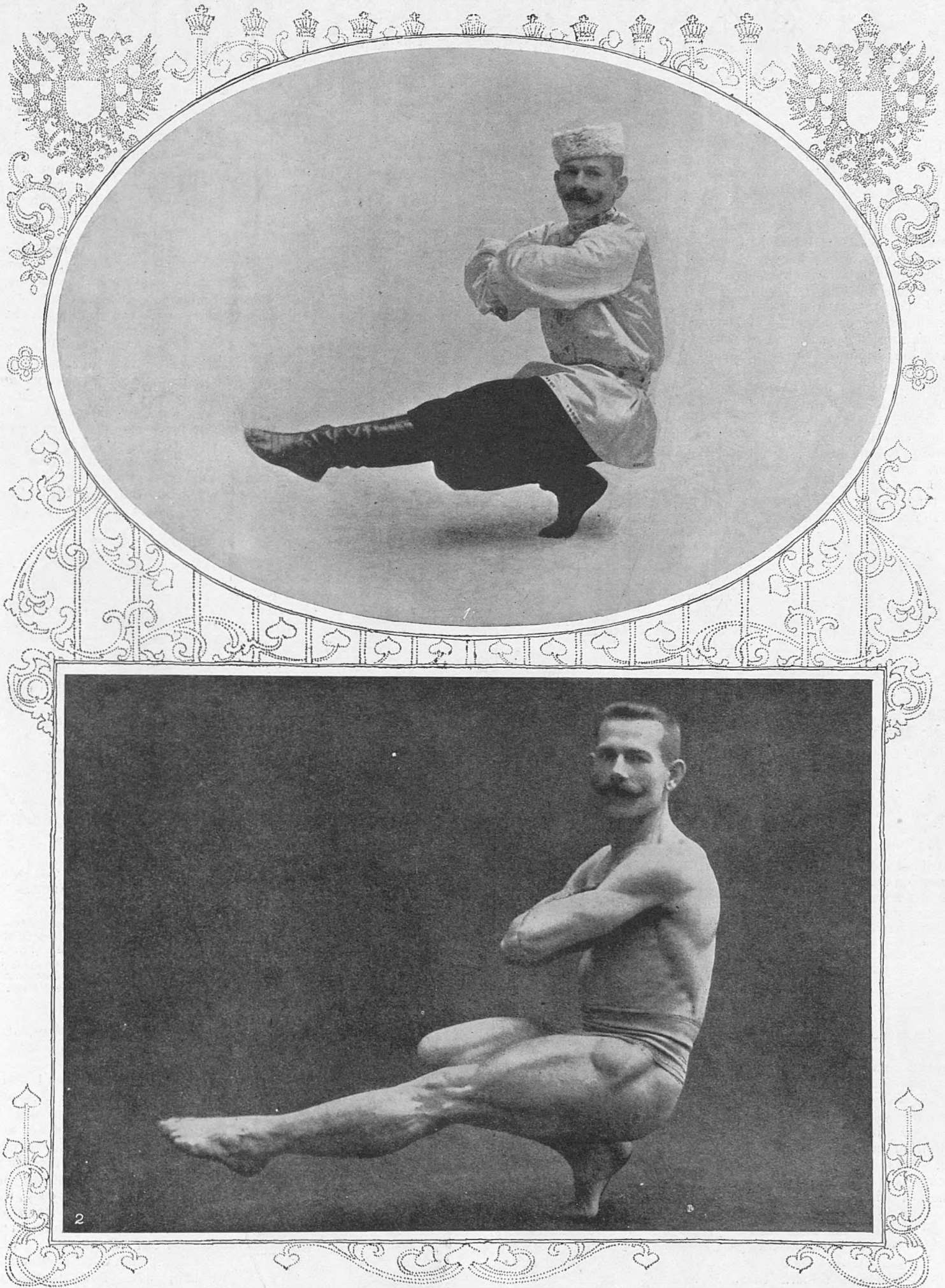
The Koreans are a simple people, to whom the use of the needle is unknown. They stick their clothes together with glue. This is all very well in a frost, but in warm weather it might lead to regrettable occurrences. The spectacle of an ungummed Korean searching for a pin would justify the occupation of the country by Japan.

The open-bodied motor-car is doomed, as far as women are concerned, for the strain to which the face is put when it is set against the wind induces wrinkles. As a ladies' paper brutally puts it, a woman with half a dozen wrinkles is a mere oddment; and so the latest wrinkle is—use only a closed car.



THE RUSSIAN MUSCLE; SPECIALLY DEVELOPED FOR M. PESCHKOFF'S DANCE.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. WHAT THE PUBLIC SEES: M. PESCHKOFF IN THE MOST DIFFICULT ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA'S MOST CHARACTERISTIC DANCE.
2. WHAT THE PUBLIC DOES NOT REALISE: THE UNUSUAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT REQUIRED FOR THE RUSSIAN DANCE.

The wonderful crouching attitude, in which, alternately, one leg is shot out straight while the other is bent almost double, in such a way that the dancer appears to rush rapidly over the stage in a sitting posture, is a well-known figure of the Russian national dance. But there is no one, perhaps, who is the equal of M. Peschkoff in the extraordinary lightness of his step and the speed with which he rushes from side to side of the stage, all the while retaining the extraordinary attitude we illustrate above. The general public, who can admire nightly M. Peschkoff's extraordinary performance, in the Empire ballet "Round the World," have little idea of the wonderful development of muscle required to bring his dancing in this manner to the state of perfection which it has reached.—[Photographs by Hana.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE royal family does not, as a rule, find the Court column in the newspapers very lively reading; but for once a royal Princess is anxious for Press cuttings. Princess Patricia is exhibiting for the first time with the Society of Women Artists, and, as she takes her water-colours very seriously, she is anxious to read the fuller critiques, even if they have to follow her to East Africa. For ourselves, we have but space to say that we find her "View from a Balcony, Malta," and "On the Coast of Fife," extraordinarily competent and charming. Princess Patricia has, by the way, gone on her long journey fully equipped with painting materials. There is a story told of her once on board ship when she found herself confronted with a sunset that called aloud to be recorded. Opening her sketch-box, she found she had forgotten to pack her brushes. "The doctor, quick," she cried; and when that functionary arrived in hot haste he was sent running for "the brushes you paint sore throats with." The drawing was successfully made, and is now treasured by the owner of the brushes as a memento of his fair "impatient."

The Elect.

The shutters have been taken down at the Lord Great Chamberlain's office, and the Lord Great Chamberlain, in the person of Lord Cholmondeley, is a busy man again—far too busy to pronounce all the syllables of his name, even if he wished to. All tickets for the opening of Parliament for Peeresses and Peers' eldest sons have to be allotted before next

Hyde, though, strange to say, her son was born at the moment when Mr. Irving was busy creating his new part. But the omen is by no means a bad one. By common consent, Mr. Irving failed to present a convincing or natural Hyde, though his Jekyll was done to the life.

Mr. William Forbes.

When, in a few days, Mr. William Forbes again does the honours of Victoria Station, he will not wish his Majesty a smooth journey with less than his customary confidence. Indeed, the law of averages in the eyes of all railway savants makes the Brighton line the least dangerous in the kingdom for the time being, and Stoa's Nest Station as safe as the Bank of England. Mr. Forbes has now amply proved the penalties as well as the pleasures of his position. He knows its scarf-pins (the gift of royalty), also its pin-pricks. It is said that his uncle, the late Mr. Staats Forbes, was never so happy as when confronted with a meeting of dissatisfied shareholders; but even for a Forbes there are no triumphs and no excitements to be got out of a Board of Trade inquiry, and there are, on the other hand, many pathetic issues, especially

SON AND HEIR OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS; THE MARQUESS OF CARMARTHEN.

The eight-year-old Marquess of Carmarthen, who was born on March 12, 1901, is the only son and youngest child of the Duke of Leeds. Lord Carmarthen has four sisters, the youngest of whom, Lady Moira Osborne, was born in 1892.

Photograph by R. Haines.

whose election the railway-manager gave an agreeable feast a few nights ago.

At Compton Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, with the backing of the doctors, the climate, and the sea, have secured for Brighton the monopoly of the King. But it is not impossible, we are told, that his Majesty will soon prove the pleasures of Eastbourne. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who have been much at Chatsworth of late, have now moved to Compton Place, and they intend staying there for the greater part of the spring and early summer. His Grace is Mayor of Eastbourne, and, apart from the personal honour, he is anxious to secure for the town the royal presence.



ENGAGED TO MR. GORDON BLACKWELL:
MISS NINA O'MALLEY.

Miss Nina O'Malley is the daughter of the late Mr. Moore O'Malley and Mrs. O'Malley, of Ross House, Westport, Ireland. Mr. Blackwell is a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Blackwell, of Brookhill, Harrow Weald.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



MARRIED YESTERDAY (FEBRUARY 8): MR. AND MRS. C. C. BAYLEY.
Mr. C. C. Bayley is British Consul-General in Warsaw. He is a son of the late Sir Edward Clive Bayley, of The Wilderness, Ascot. Mrs. Bayley, formerly Miss Constance Ricardo, is a daughter of Mr. Francis Ricardo, of The Priory, Old Windsor, and 44, Portman Square.

Photographs by Lafayette.



MARRIED YESTERDAY (FEBRUARY 8)
TO MR. CHARLES HENDERSON
ROSS; MRS. ROSS (FORMERLY MISS
EVELINE BERNARD.)

Mrs. Charles Ross is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bernard, of Snakemoor, Botley, Hampshire. The wedding was arranged to take place yesterday (February 8) in the parish church of Durley, in the same county.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

Thursday, and the exceptional interest of the occasion is causing a scramble. The Marquess of Cholmondeley, whose habit it was at one time to preach the Gospel in a chapel somewhere between Paddington Station and the Edgware Road, was never in that capacity so besieged as in another he is now.

A Toy in Reserve.

"He shall have a Dreadnought when he's old enough," was the remark that greeted Mr. McKenna last week at Windsor, whither he had hastened from Admiralty House, and a son just one day old. The First Lord married, in 1908, Miss Pamela Jekyll, who has, we may hasten to add, no relations named

THE LADY WHO PREFERRED TO GO TO PRISON:

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON.



DETERMINED TO BE FORCIBLY FED: A SUFFRAGETTE OF THE CLASSES WHO WISHED TO BE TREATED AS A SUFFRAGETTE OF THE MASSES.

Having already experienced, at Newcastle, the joys of prison life *in propria persona*, Lady Constance Lytton, when she was set free by order of the Home Secretary as having a weak heart, determined to see whether she would be treated in the same way if she were in a humbler walk of life. She accordingly disguised herself as a working woman under the name of Jane Wharton, and, being duly sentenced to fourteen days with the option of a fine, she chose the fourteen days, and spent half of them in Walton Gaol, Liverpool. Her identity was then discovered, and she was released, it is said, in an exhausted condition from the effects of forcible feeding. "The reality," she said afterwards, "surpassed all that I had anticipated—it was a living nightmare of pain, horror, and revolting degradation. The sensation is that of being strangled. There is also a feeling of complete helplessness, as of an animal in a trap."—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



SMALL TALK



THE date fixed for the opening of Parliament has not pleased everybody. A host of people, anxious to be present at the wedding of Miss Abercromby and Mr. Kemble, at the Guards Chapel, on the 21st, find it hard to fit in both ceremonies; and if ever Miss Abercromby has come near to stamping her foot, it must have been when she heard that all the King's horses and all the King's men would be required at Westminster that day. Lady Northbrook arrived in town last week in preparation for the wedding of her daughter.

Political and Political Holidays. Sir William Bull, after making many speeches, fell a victim to gastritis. Less apposite ailments have assailed the greater number of Parliamentary candidates; and a flight of M.P.s to the Continent for a short holiday before the opening of the Commons has taken place. Tactics, no doubt, dictated Mr. Asquith's letter excusing himself from obeying the command to Windsor, because he was to travel further afield. Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill escaped across the Channel together, and Sir William and Lady Crossley are staying in the South of France. Sir Charles Dilke found an attraction in the floods of Paris after the toils of an election in the Forest of Dean; and Mr. Henniker Heaton forgets in Egypt the fatigues of a political Canterbury pilgrim.

High Politics. This is a true story told me by a Conservative canvasser in a Yorkshire division. He found a farmer who was unmoved by every argument; he meant to vote for Acland, the Liberal candidate. But just as the True Blue friend of the Tory candidate was retiring worsted he happened to mention that Acland was a Devonshire man. Then the Yorkshire farmer changed colour—political colour at any rate. Forty years ago, he said, a Devonshire man robbed him of £5. They were all rascals! And the Conservative candidate had his whole-hearted vote!

Odd—and Rodd. "How odd you should be an Ambassador!" was the comment of a lady, for whom Art came much

before Diplomacy, at the finish of Sir Rennell Rodd's learned lecture on Italian sculpture. Perhaps he sometimes wonders at himself that he did not follow the artist's or the critic's profession, remembering the days

news at his club, said, "God bless my soul!" and fell dead too. But Sir Rennell, at any rate, lived to tell the tale.

Court Plaster. The carriage accident that laid low Mr. Arthur Walsh just when he should have been conducting the special Ambassador of the new King of the Belgians to Windsor inflicted several nasty gashes. The Master of the Ceremonies cannot very well appear at Court, at any rate in times of peace, with his head in bandages, and Mr. Walsh avoided the formal scene. But twenty-four hours after the presentations were over he dined, plaster or no plaster, at the royal table, with Lady Clementine, his charming wife.

A Daughter's Dilemma.

If no dead men were polled at the General Election, many dying men were. Where the contest was very close, during the last hour or two of the polling, the very hospitals gave up their inmates. In one case the daughter of a hard-pressed candidate was placed in a dilemma. She went to the cottage of a man who was sick unto death, taking a friendly doctor with her. "Yes," said the medical man, "he will get to the polling-station alive, but will probably die on the way home. In any case he will die to-morrow or the day after." The bed-ridden man was quite content to be at the service of the lady, but the lady, after a little struggle, refused to let her daughterly devotion deny her general humanity. She had her reward when her father's majority was announced—though it was one she could count on her fingers and toes.

Dog and Man.

When he decided on his title, Lord Aire-dale, the iron-master, forgot the dog of the same name. But he was soon reminded, the Airedale Terriers Society confidently suggesting to his Lordship that he should present a gold cup in further commemoration of his nominal link with the breed. He did not fall in with the suggestion, but doggedly kept his gold cup for his own human kind. Last week it was presented to Mr. Reay, who for fifty years has been connected with Messrs. Kitson and Co., the prosperous family firm.



THE FUTURE LADY WALERAN:
THE HON. MRS. WALROND.

The Hon. Mrs. Walrond, the future Lady Waleran, has inherited the remarkable business ability of her father (Mr. George Coats), and she organised the feminine section of the Tiverton Division, where her husband was again elected, with wonderful success. Like her mother, Mrs. Coats, and her sister, Lady Douro, Mrs. Walrond is passionately fond of music.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

THE ENGLISH FIGURE, TALL AND SLIM: THREE FAIR TYPES OF THE MODERN ENGLISHWOMAN.



WIFE OF SIR JOHN MILBANKE, BT., V.C.: LADY MILBANKE.

Lady Milbanke, who is a niece of Lord Erne, and the daughter of a famous Irish sportsman, Colonel Crichton, is one of the beautiful women in military society. Her marriage to the Baronet V.C. took place after the South African War. Lady Milbanke and Sir John are fond of travelling and of country life and sport.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S YOUNGEST SISTER: LADY ANGELA FORBES.

Lady Angela Forbes is the youngest of that lovely and brilliant group of sisters and half-sisters which includes Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland. She is a woman of varied tastes, being literary, artistic, and sporting in her pursuits. She is said to be now engaged on a novel.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

when he spent hours in Whistler's studio helping to print etchings. For Sir Rennell was often at the artist's famous house in Tite Street and sat down to the Whistler breakfasts. When the guests—Lord Wolseley among them—bidden to those feasts arrived at the appointed hour of twelve, they would hear the painter splashing in his bath somewhere very near the drawing-room. At one breakfast, Sir Rennell met two sisters and an elderly gentleman. Within a week the younger sister died, and the elderly gentleman, hearing the

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY "CLAIMANT":

CHARACTERS IN THE SACKVILLE CASE.



1. THE SACKVILLE CLAIMANT AT THE AGE OF TWELVE: TAKEN IN 1881.
2. THE CLAIMANT'S FATHER: THE LATE LORD SACKVILLE.
3. THE SACKVILLE CLAIMANT AT STONYHURST COLLEGE: TAKEN IN 1886.
4. THE CLAIMANT'S SPANISH MOTHER: "PÉPITA" AT THE AGE OF 25.

5. IN THE HEYDAY OF HER FAME AND BEAUTY: "PÉPITA" AT THE AGE OF 28.
6. THE CLAIMANT'S WIFE: MRS. SACKVILLE-WEST.
7. THE CLAIMANT'S MOTHER IN THE YEAR OF HER DEATH: TAKEN IN 1871.
8. THE CLAIMANT: MR. ERNEST HENRI JEAN BAPTISTE SACKVILLE-WEST.

The Sackville Peerage case has aroused a romantic interest which recalls the famous Tichborne case of the last century. The petitioner, Mr. Ernest Henri Jean Baptiste Sackville-West, claimed to be the lawful son of the late Lord Sackville and Josefa Duran de Ortega, otherwise known as "Pépita," a beautiful and celebrated Spanish dancer, and alleged that they were legally married some time between Jan. 1, 1863 and Aug. 5, 1867. In opposition to the claim it was denied that Lord Sackville married "Pépita," and further alleged that she was married in 1851 to her dancing-master, Don Juan Antonio Gabriel de la Oliva. The claimant's father, the late Lord Sackville, who died in 1908, aged eighty-one, spent forty-one years in the diplomatic service. He became acquainted with the beautiful Spanish dancer "Pépita" at Stuttgart, in 1852, and from 1858 till her death in 1871 he provided a home for her, and they had seven children. On the late Lord Sackville's death the title and estates passed to his nephew, Mr. Lionel Edward Sackville-West, whose wife, curiously enough, is a sister of the claimant, and thus has her sympathies divided between her husband and her brother. The family seat is Knole House, a famous old mansion at Sevenoaks, full of art treasures, and standing in a lovely park. The rent-roll of the estates is £7000 a year. On Thursday, Sir Edward Clarke, the claimant's counsel, threw up his brief because of a letter from the claimant requesting him to apply for an adjournment, and, if it were refused, to retire from the case.—[Photographs Nos. 6 and 8 by Lafayette.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The "Bogey" Play.

Tastes change a good deal, for when the late Richard Mansfield produced a version at the Lyceum of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" people spoke with bated breath of Stevenson's story—which was then about three years old—as a masterpiece. In dealing with the adaptation

by Mr. J. Comyns-Carr, now running at the Queen's Theatre, disparaging remarks have been made concerning the original—even the term "pot-boiler" has been used; on neither occasion has the general opinion been very favourable to the dramatist. Even those who do not worry about reverence to the Stevenson style or the Stevenson spirit find little excuse for the violence that has been done to the Stevenson story. Probably nobody could make a very good play out of the strange tale, since inevitably on the stage its lack of logic and self-consistency are even more violent than in the book. Yet the subject naturally attracts the actor. The idea of double parts, as in "The Corsican Brothers," "The Lyons Mail," and the like, appeals to the player, and in the dual man, where differences, not similarities, are in question, the appeal is irresistible. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" would be far better with a different actor for each aspect of the central figure, and the employment of one



A FAIR WIELDER OF THE CONDUCTOR'S BÂTON: Mlle. OLGA PETRONOWA.

Mlle. Olga Petronowa, the Russian conductress, is leading a band of thirty picked British musicians at the Hippodrome, where she will remain for a few weeks. It is said to be a particularly well-conducted orchestra.

of the well-known tricks to effect the exchange of doubles. This, however, would rob the actor of the opportunity of showing his cleverness. Here we bump against a big rock, for one half of theatredom seems to think that the object of drama is to exhibit not drama but the cleverness of the players, and I am afraid Mr. H. B. Irving takes the latter view. He shows a great deal of cleverness in the play, chiefly in realising the character of Dr. Jekyll, which he presents admirably, but his Mr. Hyde, though horrible enough, is not very rich in the indispensable quality of uncanniness. Miss Dorothea Baird played pathetically as the blind wife. But, oh! to think of using blindness as a mere pathetic ingredient. Miss Tittell-Brune adopted the melodramatic style of the piece, but the others hardly followed suit; therefore her acting seemed too violent. Mr. Charles Sugden was quite effective as the cynical old diplomatist; and very good work was done by Mr. Frank Tyars and Mr. Henry Vibart.

The Strong People in a Strong Play.

It might be suggested that Mr. McLellan is an instance of the Stevenson theory, a kind of Jekyll and Hyde playwright, for sometimes he is concocting the books of musical comedy—has he not the libretto of "The Belle of New York" to his discredit?—at others he is the author of serious dramas, such as "Leah Kleschna" and "The Jury of Fate." I leave to others the delicate task of deciding which class of work is written by the Hyde side of him and which by the Jekyll. His new play, "The Strong People," is his best, and, putting aside the last act, with its laboured happy-ever-after ending, it is a strong, interesting work, skilfully constructed, and containing noteworthy passages of dialogue. Although the politics of the stage are Conservative, plays about strikes at the theatre are always on the side of the people—perhaps exception should be made so far as

Mr. Galsworthy's piece "Strife" is concerned; he was fine enough to be impartial, or at least sufficiently clever to seem impartial. Mr. McLellan champions the cause of the people perhaps more out of hate for the manufacturers than love for the men. Possibly Mr. McLellan merely sees in the struggle of the people for a decent livelihood against troops of a State controlled by millionaires nothing more than subject-matter for a play: I can hardly say; but I felt that, despite its skill and power, his work lacked sincerity. Certainly he handled it adroitly. The heroine, Judith Grant, daughter of the people, and their enthusiastic, undaunted champion, is quite ably drawn, and, so, too, is Pontifex, the soldier. Some of my fellow-critics have hardly been fair to Miss Dorothy Dix, who represented Judith. They expressed regret that an actress of greater power and authority was not employed; had she been, the play would have lost its balance. I consider that this handsome young woman with a beautiful voice, excellent technique, and refreshing unstaginess, took full advantage of the part and deserves the sincere gratitude of the author—and my humble self. It was quite agreeable to see a non-"star" drama at the Lyric, and Mr. Lewis Waller will lose none of the respect of his admirers because his excellent performance as Richard Murray did not put all the others into the shade. Nothing of its kind could have been better than the Colonel Pontifex of Mr. Lyn Harding—the cruel bully "cornered" in the powerful, thrilling scene by two people stronger than he because they were willing to die ingloriously for their cause. One cannot overlook Mr. A. E. George and his charming picture of the warm-hearted, philosophic old cobbler.



A LITERARY LION-CUB—NOT A FARMYARD ANIMAL: M. MAURICE ROSTAND.

M. Maurice Rostand, son of the author of "Chantecler," though only eighteen, is already a literary lion in the salons of Paris. He acquired the writing habit at the age of eight, and is now a poet greatly in request at drawing-room gatherings. His mother, Mme. Rostand, also writes verse.

Photograph by Femina.



IN MAIDEN MEDITATION—FANCY FREE: MISS AURIOL LEE IN "THE O'FLYNN."

Miss Auriol Lee, whose marriage we recently chronicled, is taking the part of Fancy Free, the charming soubrette of a troupe of strolling players, in "The O'Flynn," at His Majesty's Theatre.—[Photograph by F. W. Burford.]

The Irish Play. The critics have been busily engaged ferreting out the sources of "The O'Flynn," and now it is the author's turn to say whether there are any that have not been detected. The most difficult thing to guess is the reason why Sir Herbert thought the play worthy of his theatre. I give it up. Still, there is something, indeed a great deal, for the lovers of the so-called romantic drama, and they are not captious creatures, and will enjoy the incidents of wine, woman, and strife of which the play is full; and by now probably cuts have been made, and Sir Herbert is more at home in his part, though it is one of too little subtlety ever to show him at his best. Yet he carries it off bravely and exhibits a wonderful Irish accent. For "The O'Flynn" is merely the stock Irishman of the stage, with a second-hand strain of Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss D'Alroy played the Roxane part agreeably; Miss Auriol Lee gave life to the naughty soubrette, Mr. Henry

Ainley some air of distinction to the villain; whilst there were quite a number of clever players whose performances were excellent without being remarkable—notably, Messrs. Hubert Carter, W. G. Fay, William Haviland, C. H. Croker-King, Shiel Barry, and Edward Sass.

COCKS TO CROW FOR YOU! AN IDEA FOR ROSTAND.



THE SANDWICHMAN OF THE FARMYARD: AN ELECTION DEVICE THAT MIGHT HELP TO ADVERTISE
"CHANTECLER" IN FRANCE AT THE PRESENT TIME.

During the election for West Derbyshire, Lord Kerry, the successful candidate, adopted the ingenious plan of utilising a fine cock as an electioneering agent, which strutted about, crowing lustily, with a portrait of the candidate attached to his neck. We offer the suggestion, free of charge, to M. Rostand, as a good way of advertising "Chantecler," with the further recommendation that, in the present state of Paris, it might be as well to select a bird that can swim.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

Civilisation. The bats have driven me in. I regret to record the fact that I am a complete and absolute coward where bats are concerned. But I thank them and my cowardice to-night, as they assist the growling spirit, which must be encouraged "not later" than this evening. Such an evening. I have been leaning on a gate for an hour looking for that wretched old comet—not Halley's, but the wandering, elusive stranger. Of course I have not seen it. Is it necessary to point out that professional growlers really *do* have cause for growls? However, Venus did her best to comfort me, and I think she managed it uncommon well. Every adjective one knows (and so many deal with the heavens when they do not deal with the waters under the earth) might express her beauty, but they strike one's sense of proportion as altogether out of it. She is a soothing and a blissful sight. And she quite plainly made me realise the stupendous idiocy of civilisation. Civilisation! The egotism of the word! It is made up of "I's," doubtless carefully thought out by the maniac who invented spelling. Hideous word clothing a hideous matter. Smoke and dirt and filth and poverty. Howls and yells and rumbles and railings. Gloom and misery and utter depression. All these are in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Paris—fearfully in Paris to-day—in fact, all these are in civilisation. How did it ever happen? In the beginning, I suppose, the fault must lie with the Tree of Knowledge. I have always known that that same tree never grew an apple; that it was the kind of tree we now call a Monkey Puzzle—utterly ugly and curiously impossible. And, naturally, its fruit was abortive. Still, I presume we are all agreed that that tree started Adam and Eve searching for knowledge. And by knowledge we mean truth. But in searching for truth we only arrive at civilisation. Cut off the head and tail of the comet and we arrive at lies. I have dragged that comet in again. But the fact is, I have been out to find it. And this time I have found it. So now I know it is long enough to be confused with civilisation. I feel this explanation is important because my arrival at this wonderful conviction appears a trifle breathless—which, in point of fact, I am. Anyhow, we know that civilised human beings never dream of telling the truth to themselves, so, naturally, they lie to their neighbours. Although I am quite aware that ninety-nine per cent. will flatly contradict me over this, that will not alter the fact. We are all Washingtons—that is the pet illusion of the age. I rather fancy, though, that George in his time suffered from an astigmatic affection.

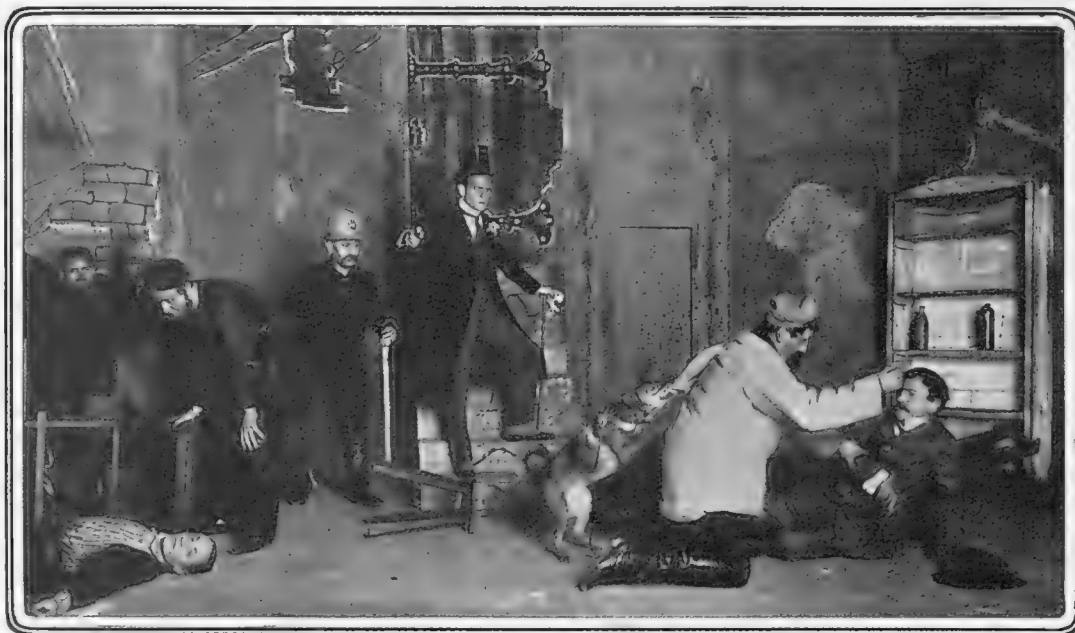
Civil Lies. Searching for truth, we arrive only at civil lies. And it is such a dirty cul-de-sac—it is such a blind alley. The walls all round are so high we can't climb over. There is only one thing to be done—go right back, back to the land. Oh, the land—the land of the beech-trees and birch-trees, the land of the firs and the pine; the purples and reds and golds and blues, the greens and the opals of the sky: the sky in which even a comet is reasonable and where Venus is divine! Give me the land, and the dream-houses not made with hands, or with yellow bricks and slate roofs. Give me the larch-woods where the fairies make their beds, and would make mine, too, if I had the strength of mind to quit civilisation—civilisation, which can only cut down trees and dam rivers. But the fairies will not have an egotist in their land. The letter "I," with all its fatal follies, must be left behind—left behind in civilisation. And who can turn their backs on their ego? Who can leave "I" behind? We are all bound by little magnetic wires, which draw us to London, to the towns, which make us stoop and bend and beg and borrow (and, incidentally, growl). These little wires form the spider's-web which keeps us away from the land—the glorious, the beautiful, the clean, the free, free land. Ambition. Hope, Unfulfilled Desires, Excitement, Luxury, Success—they are the little magnetic wires which draw us to the cities. When I looked at that comet the other night (remember, I am only an ordinary woman) it merely conveyed to me a shooting-star intently rushing towards self-destruction. So rushes civilisation to its inevitable doom. It has all happened before—it will certainly happen again. And in the meantime, in the cities, we go rushing along—never pausing to think, never standing to breathe, for others are rushing after us, and if we pause or stand we shall be knocked down and trampled upon. For the others are striving to catch us, as we are striving to catch—what? We don't realise in time that we are rushing into a cul-de-sac. Oh, Civilisation! Would to the fairies we were all uncivilised and real as they. I hate trains and trams and tubes. I loathe smoke and smells and shops. To find one's way back to the time of the fairies. Before Adam and Eve spoiled the world by peopling it. Away from competition, which leads nowhere. Conceits which lead to idiotcy. Jealousies which lead to lunacy. Away from rivers

that are dammed, and trees which are cut down. Back to the cool, calm hand of Nature. Back to her pruning-knife. For she only cuts out the dead wood. She drops off only the dead leaves. And so she preserves for all of us the only life.



AN ODD PAIR: STATUARY BY MESTROVIC AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE VIENNA SESSIONS HOUSE.

The two pieces of statuary by the well-known Dalmatian sculptor, Mestrovic, which have been placed on either side of the entrance to the Sessions House at Vienna, cannot be said to make a very good pair.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE POLICE-DOG ON THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME: WORRYING A MURDERER AT THE GASTSPIEL THEATRE, BERLIN.

Performing dogs on the music-hall stage are familiar enough, but it has been reserved for Berlin to introduce a "police-dog" as a character in a play. In "Der Polizeihund," at the Gastspiel Theatre, Berlin, a well-trained German sheep-dog takes a prominent part. In the above photograph he is seen attacking a murderer.—[Photograph by Scherl, Berlin.]

The World — Through the Eyes of a Pessimist.



NO. VI.—SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY, WHEN HE HAS FORGOTTEN HIS CORKSCREW.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



ANIMALS ON THE HALLS.

The Four-Footed Star.

Good animal "turns" are at a premium in the halls: frequently they are the best-paid item on the bill; but since the decay of the circus and the travelling menagerie—which in former days served as the great training-ground for this sort of show, just as the old "stock" companies did for two-legged actors—they have been very difficult to find, and that is why you see clever monkeys or performing dogs drawing three-figure salaries on the halls. Like everything else nowadays, every new animal "turn" has to out-Herod Herod in its novelty or daring, and the training of an animal for stage purposes is more often a matter of years than months. Horses and dogs are the easiest to train, but they are apt to go in for unrehearsed effects. Once a horse has learned to do a trick to a particular tune, it will do it whenever it hears that tune, and there have been some funny incidents in consequence; whilst dogs have a regrettable habit of giving free performances in the streets when taken out for exercise. Monkeys are a source of great trial to a trainer because of their delicacy, and nearly every well-known performing monkey has to have two or three expensive understudies.

The Secret of Success.

It should be borne in mind that with very few exceptions, the animal of any kind enjoys his "turn" as much, if not more, than his audience. The tricks themselves have become a second nature to him; he has done the same thing at the same time every day for days and days on end, and at the finish has always been rewarded with a dainty tit-bit of his favourite food. Animals, like men, are gregarious.

Animals, like men, are gregarious. In the confinement of a cage or kennel it is a distinct relief to come out on to the stage or arena and have a run round with your friends. Moreover, most animals are as fond of games of ball or hide-and-seek, and things of that kind, as children, and you have only to watch a clever turn—such as Valenche's dogs playing football, for instance—to notice the enjoyment the performers themselves get out of the game; indeed, at the fall of the curtain the great trouble is to get them to leave off. With monkeys, of course, it is their overwhelming vanity and their imitative faculties on which the trainer trades—coupled, one regrets to learn with their equally overwhelming fondness for strong drink. When a monkey is sick he always has to be isolated from the other

The Voice of the Charmer.

The successful animal performer is born, not made—that is to say, it starts doing tricks in the days of its early youth, and goes on doing them for the rest of its natural life. It is quite useless to attempt to train a full-grown animal. The trainer's first duty is to know his animals, and to get them to know him. If a trainer passes his beasts without occasionally saying "Hello!" they take it as an affront. The good master will not more think of walking past his cages without pleasantly greeting each of his four-footed performers by name than he would think of cutting his friends in the street. There are many reasons for this. A morose man does not make friends with his own kind, and the same holds good with animals. Then, too, an animal, if it is of the "wild" variety, must know its trainer's voice, as at any time a contingency may arise when a sharp word may save a man's life, for it should be borne in mind that an animal that is "trained" is not necessarily "tamed"—in fact, some animals are never really tamed.

The Sea-Lion's Curiosity.

There are several excellent troupes of trained seals and sea-lions now touring the country, and they learn difficult balancing tricks with almost human intelligence. Their education, however, is not altogether a time of joy to their trainer, and it is an open question whether they are vicious or not. They are certainly extremely curious and anxious to find out things for themselves, as a photographer who wished to take a picture of one of the troupes once discovered. He erected his tripod and camera, and was about to make the exposure, when one of the sea-lions wriggled off his pedestal and

made straight for the camera. It was all done so quickly that, before the photographer realised it, the camera was upset and the sea-lion was biting the man's legs and feet pretty sharply. The trainer got him away, and no serious harm was done; but he explained to the photographer that sea-lions often did a little biting just to find out what an object was made of!

The Docile Polar.

At first sight, one might hesitate to say of the Polar bears at the Hippodrome that they are "trained"—in the sense of being skilled performers; but they are, nevertheless, and some of them are very highly trained. Their secret—the secret of their winning smiles and their ability to "shoot the chutes" down the imitation ice-peaks into the waters of the arena—is that they really enjoy it, and, as with nearly all successful animals, two-legged or otherwise, they were caught young. Mr. Hagenbeck, the famous animal-collector, buys them from the Greenland whalers when they are cubs, and it has taken him twelve years to amass the present collection.



A PRIMROSE AS A DAISY: MISS PEGGY PRIMROSE, PLAYING IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS," ON TOUR.

Miss Peggy Primrose is appearing with great success as Daisy, Miss Gabrielle Ray's part, in "The Dollar Princess," on tour.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.



FROM "OUR MISS ROLFE" TO "OUR MISS GIBBS": MISS DORIS ROLFE.

Miss Doris Rolfe, who is in the Manchester company of "Our Miss Gibbs," had an interesting introduction to the stage. She was formerly employed at the Maison Lewis, in Regent Street, and was one day reprimanded for disturbing a member of the staff by singing. Noticing her beautiful voice, however, he introduced her at the Gaiety, and Mr. George Edwardes at once engaged her.

members of the troupe, or the hot port-wine which is the usual remedy for the ills that monkey flesh is heir to will be demanded by every member of the gang.



THE BRIGHTON CINDERELLA: MISS MARJORIE MANNERS.

As the Principal Girl in "Cinderella" at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Miss Marjorie Manners won the hearts of the audiences at that popular house.

Photograph by Park.

IF YOU WADT TO KDOW THE TIDE, ASK A P'LICEMAD



BROWN (*of Riverside Bungalow*): Excuse me, Consh—table, could you tell me when it'sh high tide?

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE SAVIOUR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

LÉON GAMBETTA, the man who, after the débâcle of 1870, did so much to establish the French Republic, and who went near, even at the eleventh hour, to save France from the invader, if only the other leaders had been imbued with the same energy and spirit, was a child of the people, a self-made statesman if ever there was one. He started life with the social disadvantage of being the son of a grocer, a member of that highly respectable calling which, in Matthew Arnold's time at any rate, stood in France for all that is banal and unenlightened, for did not the apostle of sweetness and light coin the expression "Philistine" as the nearest counterpart he could think of to the French "épiciers"? Gambetta, then, had to struggle for his own advancement. But though his father kept a little general shop at Cahors, and was from all accounts something of a stingy and pig-headed old person, with a Jewish strain in him, yet the family had not all been grocers. Gambetta's forebears had been sailors—owners, from father to son, of little coasting-vessels off the Riviera di Liguria. Hence, no doubt, came the great tribune's enterprise and breadth of view. Gambetta's grandfather traded in his own vessel round the coast, and in 1818 settled down at Cahors, then the quiet capital of Le Quercy, where he opened a shop, and where his famous grandson was born on April 2, 1838.

One interesting fact we learn about Gambetta's father, Joseph. According to family custom in those days, he had to begin his career by making "the young mariner's voyage round the world." This he did in 1824, at the age of ten, going as cabin-boy in a sailing-vessel to Chili. "And we cannot help feeling strangely moved," writes M. Gheusi, "when we learn that Garibaldi was among the officers of the vessel in which Léon Gambetta's father sailed, and that the Abbé Mastai, who later became Pope Pius IX., was one of the passengers. Had this vessel been wrecked, the fate of the Old World might have been slightly changed."

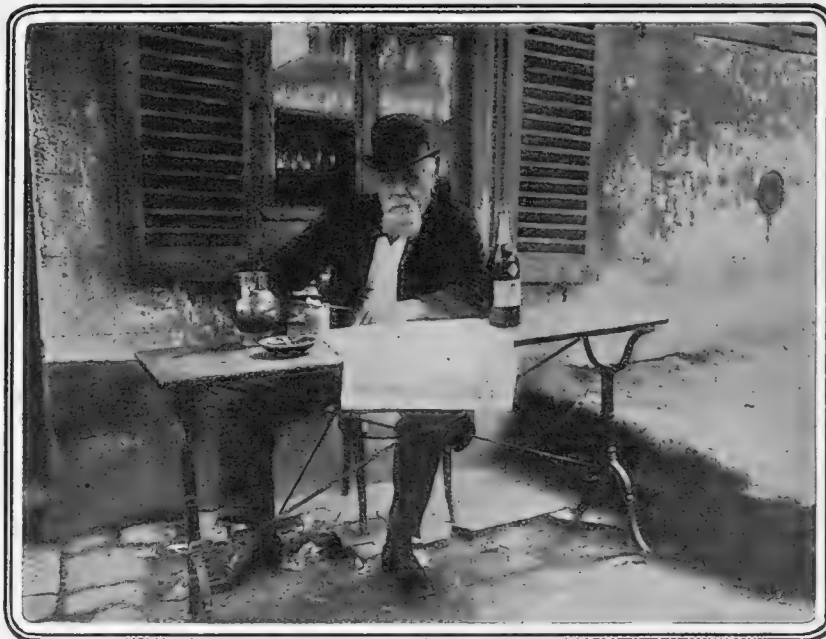
At the time he wrote his address to the young men of Italy on behalf of the youth of France, after the death of Cavour, Gambetta was a hard-up young advocate in Paris, dependent in part on the paternal remittances (none too generous, as they were), and it is

curious to find him writing to his father, in the same letter in which he sends a copy of his address: "Victor Emmanuel's representative gave me an admirable reception; he wished me to leave a copy written and signed by my own hand; then he invited me to dinner in the evening. It was then that I realised what a blessing it is to have a suit of clothes fit for going out in society. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for having given me a complete suit of black clothes before I left home."

Nothing is more striking in this book, which is translated from M. Gheusi's "Gambetta par Gambetta," and which consists mainly of the great statesman's constant letters to his parents, than the lifelong respect and affection which he showed towards his father, and his devotion to his mother. However small the paternal remittances were, the filial gratitude remains the same, as well as the almost reverential tone of the son's letters. Very touching and pathetic, too, is the account of Gambetta's hurrying away from the Chamber of Deputies, after making a great speech on the Egyptian Question, in 1884, to the bedside of his dying mother. "When he had finished," writes an eye-witness, "while the applause was still continuing, I can see him jumping into the carriage and hurrying off to Saint-Mandé. . . . I shall always see him by that little iron bedstead, far away from all the clamours aroused by his speech, sobbing like a child, trying to warm in his own hot hands his mother's hands, already cold, and with that same voice, so powerful only a few moments ago, now so gentle, so piteously calling, 'Mama, mama,' the poor, beloved old lady who could no longer hear him."

Two other women we hear of in this book—and would have liked to hear more—who greatly influenced him, Mme. Léonie Léon and Mme. Juliette Adam. "The former was for ten years his faithful companion." She seems to have shrunk from the publicity of being his wife, but they were just going to be married when, in her presence, he met with the accident (a shot in the hand from a pistol he was handling) which caused his premature death.

One could go on quoting indefinitely from this intimate and delightful self-revealing record of one of France's greatest men, with its interesting portraits, but space unfortunately forbids.



TAKING HIS EASE AT HIS INN: THE PRESIDENT OR HIS DOUBLE?

Possibly M. Fallières would be glad occasionally to find a quiet corner at the Lapin Agile, where he could smoke and read his paper in peace, while his double assumed the burden of State affairs. The Lapin Agile is a famous "cabaret artistique" in the Rue des Saules, at Montmartre.

Photograph by Harmingue, Paris.



A SUGGESTION FOR A TIRED-OUT PRESIDENT: THE MYSTERY OF THE LAPIN AGILE.

Much curiosity has been aroused among visitors to the Lapin Agile by the presence of a distinguished stranger who bears a striking resemblance to the President of the Republic. Our photograph suggests a way in which M. Fallières might take a rest from harassing cares of State, by letting his double for a time occupy the Presidential chair, while he himself retires into privacy.

Photograph by Harmingue, Paris.

* "Gambetta. Life and Letters." By P. B. Gheusi. Authorised translation by Violette M. Montagu. (T: Fisher Unwin.)

THE BARE IDEA!



BOY ON BANK: Does it bear, d'yer think, where it's deeper, guv'nor?
GUV'NOR: No, my boy; it doesn't even bear thinking about.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MAJOR'S MASHIE.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

THE Major had taken three strokes in a fruitless endeavour to get out of the sand-bunker. At the fourth, he broke his mashie. Then he sat down to tell the universe exactly what he thought about it.

He did it thoroughly and powerfully, but the universe remained unmoved. Only from the shelter of the hedge that bordered the links came a gleeful chuckle, a chuckle that filled the Major's cup of wrath to overflowing. Those infernal schoolboys! Their playground lay beyond the hedge, and at times they had assembled to jeer him. It must have been one of them who had sniggered. He would teach him to snigger. He picked up the broken handle of his mashie and sprang through the hedge.

There was a squeak and a scuffle as a small, plump boy rose up from beneath his very feet and made a dart for safety. But the Major's hand closed upon his collar. "Little beast!" he said; "I'll teach you to laugh at me."

It is possible that a little reflection might have induced him to hold his hand. But he gave himself no time for reflection. As a soldier, he was accustomed to act first and to think afterwards. He had a useful tool for his purpose in the broken handle, and the very plumpness of the boy was an invitation. Nature had cushioned him well, and a licking would do him no harm. The Major applied the rod and elicited piercing yells.

"Oh, please, Sir! Don't, Sir! I didn't laugh! I didn't mean to laugh."

"You didn't, heh?" said the Major, applying further chastisement. "Well, this'll teach you not to do things you don't mean to do in future."

He was interrupted by the appearance of a stout, elderly man, plethoric of face, and trembling with indignation. His ample white waistcoat shook with it. His breath came in gasps, and he waved his fist violently in the Major's face.

"How dare you, Sir?" he stammered. "How dare you lay a finger on my son?"

"I am not laying a finger on your son, Sir," replied the Major, with equal warmth. "I am laying a stick on him."

"And how dare you lay a stick upon him, Sir?" replied the exasperated parent. "A pretty state of things, upon my word! I come to visit my son at school, and I find him in the hands of a ruffian! What do you mean by it?"

"I am teaching him manners," replied the Major, his hand still firm upon the youngster's collar. "Teaching him manners, Sir. That's what I am doing."

"The kind of manners that you are capable of teaching him," retorted the stout gentleman, with every appearance of rage, "will bring him to the gallows, Sir—to the gallows! Don't dare to lay that stick across him again."

The Major was by nature a daring man, and this was a direct challenge. Selecting a particularly plump spot upon the youngster's carcase, he struck it smartly. The stout gentleman was short of breath, but not of courage. He dashed forward and aimed a blow at the Major's face. The Major parried it, but, in the effort, loosed his hold upon the boy. Together the two men grappled.

"I'll make you repent this," snarled the stout gentleman, "as sure as my name is Jonathan Simcox."

"It's a beastly name," panted the Major, "for a beastly person."

With an effort he flung the stout gentleman off, and, picking up the boy with a neat grab sideways, held him between himself and the infuriated father and whacked him once more.

"Papa!" cried a wondering voice. The Major looked up from his employment and once more let go his hold upon the lad. A pretty girl of about twenty-four years of age, neatly dressed in some light-grey material and wearing a picture-hat, had come down the path that led from the school and was now staring at the little group with blue eyes wide with astonishment. The Major had time to note the trimness of her figure and the delicate curve of her cheek. Her lips, too, were a dream—a vision of delight. He had the grace to feel ashamed of himself.

"Papa!" she cried again, "what is the matter?"

"Matter!" snorted Mr. Simcox wrathfully. "Matter enough! This ruffianly scoundrel has been thrashing Tom within an inch of his life. He has broken a golf-club over him, and I'll have the law of him, if it costs me every penny I have in the world."

The blue eyes opened wider with indignation. The Major was uncomfortably aware that they were regarding him very much as he would have regarded a confirmed wife-beater.

"Is it true?" she asked indignantly. "Did you break your club over my brother?"

"Certainly not," stammered the Major. "I broke my club in a bunker on the links. Your brother laughed at me. I came over, and—er—tapped him once or twice."

"Oh, I say—rats!" ejaculated the youth rudely. "I'm black and blue all over."

"Poor Tom!" cried the girl, taking him in her arms. "It's too bad!"

She bent over him charmingly and kissed him. He shook himself free.

"Dry up, Cis," he said ungratefully. "Don't make a chap feel a fool."

"Tom!" she cried reproachfully.

"Oh, well, it's beastly rot, is kissing," he grunted. "If you've got to kiss someone, kiss the governor. Or kiss him," he continued, pointing to the Major. "He looks as though he might like it. Anyhow, I don't."

"You horrid boy!" she cried, her face flaming. She turned and walked away, preserving a stately dignity.

"And now, Sir," said the stout gentleman, who had to some extent recovered his breath, "your name and address, if you please. I don't intend this matter to rest here."

"My name is Trevor—Major Trevor," replied the Major. He drew out a card-case. "Here is my card," he said, presenting it. "I think I ought to say how—how much I regret this—this—er—little affair."

"Not half as much as I do," said Tom feelingly.

"Any reparation in my power," gabbled the Major, just conscious of the girl's figure disappearing behind the laurel-bush. "I shall be most happy to make."

"You shall hear from me, Sir," said Mr. Simcox sternly. "And now, if you've quite finished with my son, you may go."

Without a word the Major went. He picked his ball out of the bunker, took up his bag of clubs, and continued his round. He played with a carelessness that would have marked him in the eyes of any true lover of the game as a candidate for a lunatic asylum.

"Kiss him!" he murmured. "Looks as though he might like it. By George! what a colour!"

During the next three days the Major haunted the vicinity of the sand-bunker, making futile pretence of practising approach shots. On the third afternoon he was rewarded by a sight of the youth whom he had chastised. He dropped his club and beckoned to him.

"Hi! My lad!" he called. "Come over here."

"Not much," replied the youth. He placed one finger beside his nose, and then went through an expressive pantomime of rubbing himself.

"If you'll come you'll not be sorry," said the Major. "Honour bright!"

"Honour bright?" queried the youth. "Oh, all right then. I'll come."

He jumped through the hedge. The Major allowed him to approach, and drew a sovereign from his trouser pocket. Slowly he held it out. Tom's eyes fastened upon it.

"There!" said the Major. "Catch hold of that, my lad."

"Golly!" exclaimed the youth, his fingers closing upon the coin. "I say—you can lick me again for this if you like."

"There are more where that came from," said the Major significantly. "Whether you get them or not depends upon—upon—ahem!—many things."

"Good egg!" remarked the youth. "You're a brick. But I say! The governor is in no end of a wax with you, you know. He's gone to see his solicitors."

"Let him," remarked the Major calmly. "I'm not worrying about your father. It's—er—it's your sister I'm bothering about."

"Oh, well," replied the youth cheerfully, "Cis is in a bit of a wax with you too. She says you're a cruel brute. That's what she called you last night. Girls are a bit soft, you know."

"I want you," said the Major, his face red, "to tell her that I am not a brute—that I am quite a decent sort of chap. See?"

"Yes, I see," replied the youth, fingering the sovereign. "But, I say—look here—you ain't married, are you?"

"Certainly not," said the Major emphatically. "What makes you ask?"

"Well, I mean," replied Tom calmly, "that if you ain't—"

[Continued overleaf.]

AN OLD CATCH ILLUSTRATED.

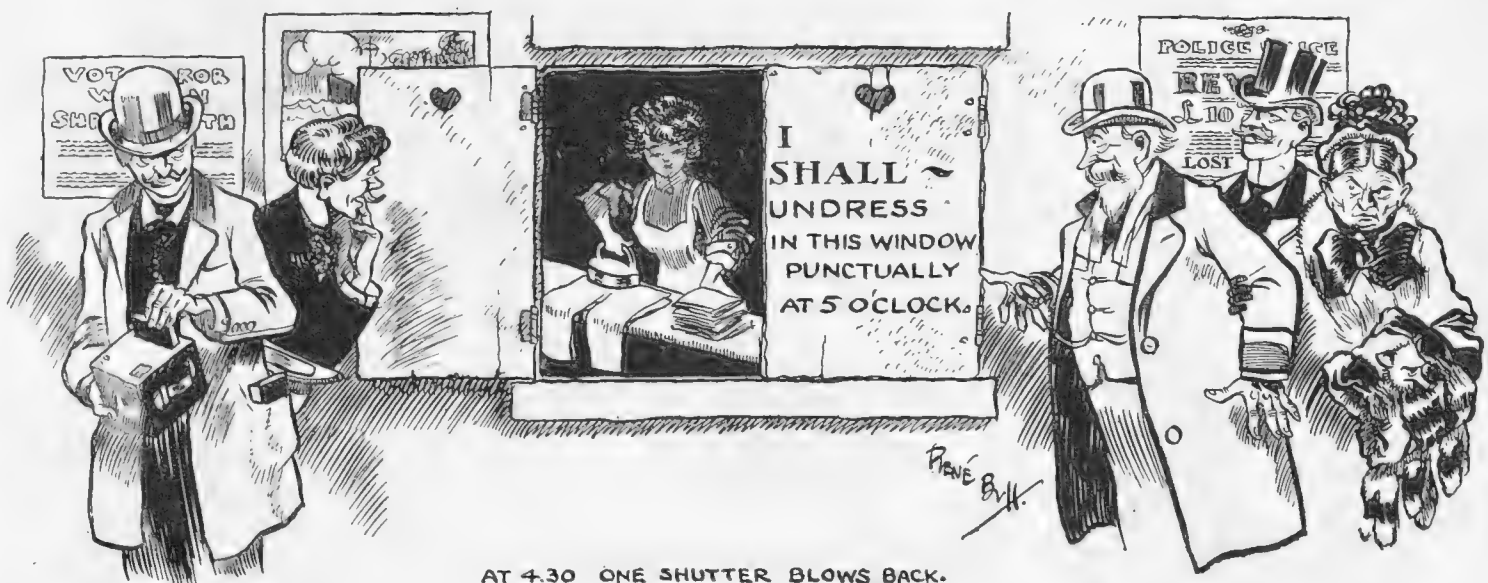
VOT FOR MR. SHRA...



ACT I - THE PRELUDE.



WORK FOR THE DAY BEGINS.



AT 4.30 ONE SHUTTER BLOWS BACK.

THE COMEDY OF A PAIR OF SHUTTERS: IN THREE ACTS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

married, you know—I suppose Cis would have a chance, wouldn't she?"

"If your sister heard you," said the Major with deliberation, "she would ask me to thrash you again."

"No, she wouldn't," replied the youth with a grin. "She'd know I was talking for her good."

"Does she often come to see you?" asked the Major cunningly. "Now and again," replied the youth. "To-morrow's a half-holiday. She's coming to-morrow."

The Major displayed another sovereign.

"If you can bring her to this place to-morrow," he said slowly, "you'll get that. I want to see her. I want to apologise to her for beating you."

"What do you want to apologise to her for?" asked Tom. "I should think it was me you ought to apologise to."

"That's where you're wrong," said the Major with a grin. "Anyhow, if you want to earn that sovereign, you'll bring her."

"I will, if I have to drag her by her back hair," replied the nice boy. "You see if I don't. She'll be here."

On the following morning the Major received a letter from Mr. Simcox's solicitors. It specified the alleged assault, named an ample sum as damages, and stated that, failing prompt payment, the case would be taken into court. The Major pocketed it thoughtfully. All the morning he was in an agony of impatience; and the afternoon found him in the sand-bunker.

In due course he saw Tom and his sister come down through the school grounds. The girl was walking stiffly, and with as severe an expression upon her face as her pretty features could muster. They passed round the laurel-bushes and came to the hedge. Tom beckoned with his finger.

"It's your turn to come over this time," he called. "Cis wants to see you."

The Major passed through the gap in the hedge and lifted his cap. The damsel regarded him severely.

"Tom told me," she said, "that you wanted to see me—to apologise for your brutality."

"I did," broke in the irrepressible youth; "and I told her that you weren't married, and if she played her cards well she could have you."

"You young scoundrel!" said the Major wrathfully. He made a grab, but the youth ducked and made off along the path. Turning at a safe distance, he called again.

"Don't forget the sovereign," he cried, and vanished.

The girl's face flamed, but her manner was icy.

"So I came," she said. "Perhaps I ought not to have come. But I thought if you had anything to say in excuse for your

conduct, it would be only fair to you to hear it. Please don't take any notice of Tom's nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense," stammered the Major. "At least—I'm not married, you know."

"Oh, indeed!" said the girl, more icily than before. "Then I suppose he wasn't talking nonsense when he said that I might have a chance?"

"Oh, well, look here!" said the Major, purple in the face. "Of course that was rot. I mean—that you wouldn't have a chance. At least, I mean that you—hang it! I can't put the thing right. But I want to have a chance. That's what I mean."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Is this really a proposal?" she asked, with a faint smile.

"That's what it's intended to be," replied the Major, grinning painfully. "Of course you needn't take it if you don't want it."

"I don't know anything about you," she protested—"except that you have a temper. You beat poor Tom. I'm sure a man who would beat a boy like that would beat a girl. If I were to marry you, you might beat me."

"I wouldn't," protested the Major fervently. "Unless," he added, with a sudden inspiration, "unless you deserved it."

She broke into a little laugh.

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "I suppose you want to frighten me now?"

"Risk it," he said, drawing a step nearer.

"I don't know that I ought to," she answered, "after the way you treated Tom."

"Tom bears no malice," he said. "I've found a salve for his injuries. Don't you bear malice."

He drew her towards him. There was laughter in their eyes, laughter on their lips as they kissed. When they drew back, they looked at one another shyly, as though they saw each other in a new and wonderful light. The Major drew a letter from his pocket.

"From your father's solicitors," he said. "Let's go and pay them together. After all, it's all in the family."

They walked towards the school. From behind the laurel-bush, where he had been watching, Tom stepped out.

"I say," he said, "what about that quid?"

"For what?" asked the Major, with an assumption of forgetfulness. The youth grinned.

"You gave me one when you lost a mashie," he said. "Now you'll give me one as you've found a mash."

"You little wretch!" cried his sister. "Hit him, dear."

But the Major merely flung him the coin.

"Not at present," he said. "I feel I owe him too much."

They passed on.

THE END.



THE ELECTION AND ITS RESULTS.

A STRICTLY IMPARTIAL COMMENTARY BY OUR MOST IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

Exit the Gun.

As far as serious shooting is concerned, the guns can now lie at peace in their cases until another August comes round, though it may be hoped that no man who takes a pride in his weapons will allow them to be put away without seeing that they have been thoroughly cleaned. To leave this serious work to an unenthusiastic underling is a great mistake, more particularly in these days of sporting powders, that test barrels in very severe fashion. Modern smokeless powders are a great improvement upon the old, evil-smelling black variety, and there are plenty of well-tried sorts to choose from; but it is exceedingly unwise to try new sorts before they have stood a moderate time test. A friend of mine went to a big shoot early in December armed with some new cartridges of a kind he had tried only once before, and then only for an hour or so, and not at driven birds. He told me afterwards that when he had fired a few he began to miss his birds one after another, to his infinite disgust, for the shots were not difficult. At last his loader said bluntly: "Beg pardon, Sir, but if you'd borrow some other cartridges you'd shoot much better." The advice was taken at the next stand, with such excellent result that the cartridge-case was emptied of its original load, and the new cartridges are now cooling themselves at the bottom of a pond.

The Happy Wild Fowler.

Frost, snow, and ice, of which at the time of writing we have had no small store, may console the covert-shooting man for the coming of February, though they leave the hunting-man disgusted and indignant waiting for a thaw. But the wild-fowler has been enjoying himself, the hardy creature, whether he is drifting down to his quarry behind a punt-gun and enjoying the Arctic rigour of some estuary, or whether he is out on sea-wall or mud-flat, where the going is treacherous and the shots are few. I find that few men care to handle the large-bore guns in these days. Either we have not the strength of our fathers, to whom the eight-bore and four-bore guns seemed light enough, or we shoot better with our twelves at birds coming in ever-diminishing numbers. Twenty years ago, when I first shot mallard, widgeon, and teal, it was always possible to claim two or three brace for the price of an evening's wait on the sea-wall, or a night tramp over the saltings in white overalls at a time when the moon was at the full. Nowadays, you may waste the twilight or the night, save in seasons when there are several degrees of frost; the punt-gunner has driven the birds farther and farther away, to where none save he may follow them. If it were not for the decoys, of which we still have about a score in working order on our coasts, while there are many more in Holland, it is likely that the price of wild-fowl would go up, and that of pheasants would improve. Men who send consignments to London are grumbling at the bad prices, but when we read that

four hundred thousand birds were sent to town between the middle of December and the third week in January the slump in prices is hardly to be wondered at. The general public does not derive much benefit from the increased supply.

Cold Storage.

In a few years, the advantages of cold storage will be better understood. Birds shot in the last week of the season can, if February be a really cold month, spend the whole of it in a well-ventilated larder without coming to table in a too elevated condition, provided always that they are hung downwards by one leg in a current of air. Cold storage, on the other hand, enables us to eat grouse, partridge, and pheasant in the height of summer without infringement of game laws, though, doubtless, there are certain dangers attending the cold storage of birds that are only in season for less than half the year. The shock that comes to us in countries wherein the game laws are not is a considerable one. I remember having roast partridge served to me in the buffet at Bobadilla Junction, in Southern Spain, on a fine day in early June, while two members of the Guardia Civil, in all the glory of cocked-hats and carbines, paced steadily to and fro on the platform beyond, and the drivers of various express trains met in friendly political discussion, to the manifest annoyance of English and American travellers, who know nothing of the true worthlessness of time.

The Cost of Sport.

Hunting men of modest means are complaining of the cost of their stables. The advent of the motor-car has reduced the price of many horses, but the weight-carrying hunter can still command a very high figure. There is no occasion for grumbling here—a good hunter will be worth his price; it is the food-stuffs that are so high. The comparative failure of the 1909 hay crop has compelled people to buy old hay, which is fetching as much as £5 per ton; and much of the corn of last year is hardly fit to give to pigs, to say nothing of horses. These prices are bad enough for a man's own stable, and they have served to put up the cost of staying at good hotels in the hunting centres. Every buyer has to pay more, and every seller is ready to swear that he makes less. If the weather were open and sport good, the hunting-man would soon recover his equanimity; but while there is a hard frost and his horses are eating their heads off, or when, after a sharp spell of cold, foxes are scarce, he thinks that Providence is against him or declares that the existing troubles must be due either to Mr. Lloyd-George or the comet. Luck is hard to explain. Three days before a recent cold snap, the hunt drew three covers round me, and in vain. On the day following the snowfall and the frost, I tracked a fox by his pads from a small spinney up to my own poultry-yard. MARK OVER.



CUTTING PRETTY FIGURES ON THE ICE: MR. AND MRS. EDGAR SYERS SKATING TOGETHER.

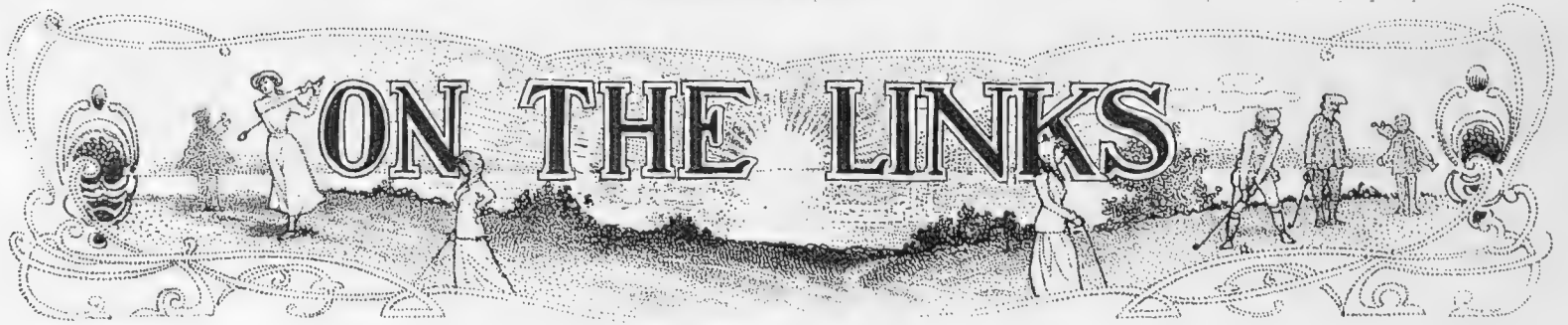
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Syers are two of the most famous living skaters. They won the Pair Amateur Championship of the World in London in 1902, and at Berlin in 1904. Mrs. Syers won the Ladies' Championship of the World at Davos in 1906, and again in 1907 at Vienna. She also won the Amateur Championship for Great Britain in figure-skating for the Swedish Challenge Cup, at Prince's Skating Club, in 1903 and 1904.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



AT THE SIGN OF THE CROSS AND CAMEL, RELICS OF GORDON OVER A SECOND-HAND FURNITURE-SHOP IN SOUTH LONDON.

It is believed that the camel over the shop-door is one used by General Gordon in Egypt, and that the crucifix once figured in a Holy War, and was afterwards buried. It has hung in its present position for fifteen years.—[Photograph by Montague Dixon.]



By HENRY LEACH.

The Rules Committee.

Being one who, from familiarity, should have ceased by this to marvel ever, yet, because of something that has just happened, I wonder again at the extent of the great empire of golf, upon which the sun is always rising somewhere, and at the loyalty and enthusiasm of

Club at Cape Town. Among the others was one from Victoria, British Columbia; and a fourth was from Brisbane. Of the remainder, a few came from Scottish clubs, and rather more from those in England. There is not, and never has been, any other open-air game that is so widespread and the players of which are everywhere so keen and are so closely guided from a common centre. And what are the troubles of these golfers, full statements of which are sent across the seas, and the rulings upon which are so anxiously awaited? The people at Mauritius are concerned upon a point which might seem ridiculously simple to the unsophisticated outsider, but as to which an important principle is involved. They ask what is a "recognised golf club"—a term in general use, but not defined officially. The members of such "recognised" clubs enjoy unwritten privileges wherever they go. They are made temporary members of other clubs, and they are admitted to open competitions. Unrecognised clubs have generally been considered to be mere societies without club houses or courses and with no real responsibility towards the game resting upon them. For present purposes it matters little what the answer of the Committee was, though it may just be mentioned that it seemed to give too much recognition to these societies, and the wisdom of it may be questioned.



WHERE MR. LLOYD-GEORGE HAS BEEN TRYING TO FORGET THE BUDGET: THE CLUB HOUSE AND EIGHTEENTH GREEN OF THE NICE GOLF CLUB.

Mr. Lloyd-George has been taking a holiday at Nice, with Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, and has spent much of his time playing golf on the links of the Nice Golf Club, at Cagnes.

the golfing race at its farthest outposts. The heart of this empire is at St. Andrews, where is the headquarters of the Royal and Ancient Club. The rules of golf are long, and, as can hardly be avoided, they are complicated. From time to time efforts have been made by the legislators to frame a code that might cover all possible contingencies, and the last of such efforts was made only a little more than a year ago. But no code could cover the possibilities of a game wherein the player may hit a ball almost anywhere and be called upon to play it again from the place where it comes to rest, be it the top of a haystack or the middle of a duckpond. So cases constantly arise in which the golfers hardly know what they should do, and these, being decided upon, are registered and serve for leading cases in the future. Consequently much of golf law is case law. The decisions on these points are made by a body of distinguished golfers, greatly learned in the law, who sit at St. Andrews once in every month, and are known as the Rules of Golf Committee. Any player of the game anywhere who is sorely perplexed may put his question to them, and they will answer it, only laying down the condition that the said case shall be submitted to them through the secretary of the player's club. The decisions which are given by this court of appeal are printed after the sitting, and a few copies are circulated to privileged persons whom they may concern. They are invariably interesting as showing the infinite variety of the golfer's troubles and the enormous possibilities of the game, of the great enthusiasm of the players and their sometimes almost pathetic seriousness.

Problems of Play. I have just received from St. Andrews a copy of the decisions that were arrived at on the occasion of the last sitting of the committee, and the first thing that struck me concerning them was that the questions that had been sent for decision emanated from all quarters of the globe. Thus, the first on the list was submitted by the golfers of Mauritius, and the second came from the players of the Metropolitan Golf

Golfer on the Rocks.

At Cape Town they had a foursome stroke competition in which a player lost his ball and then did something wrong, the situation being complicated by a local rule which touched upon it. The Committee declared what should be done and why, and gave these South African golfers a little hint as to how they should frame their local rules in the future. A player of British Columbia was literally on the rocks, and there was trouble about it. He played his ball into a crevice among the rocks that surround the course, and claimed the right to ground his club there, the rocks, as he asserted, not being a hazard, and he also declared he was privileged to remove loose stones that were in his way. His ball lay on grass, the rocks notwithstanding. The Committee upheld him. At Brisbane they had some difficulty about the way in which their cards had been marked in a scoring competition. At the instigation of the Seascale Club, in Cumberland, it is again pointed out that it is illegal for a player, partner, or caddie to touch the ground behind the hole in considering or pointing out the line of a putt.



AN EDEN FOR TIRED STATESMEN: THE THIRTEENTH GREEN OF THE NICE GOLF COURSE. "Straight, like myself," remarked the Chancellor of the Exchequer (according to the "Daily Mail"), as he drove off from a tee on the Nice Golf Course, but not very far. "Yes," replied Mr. Masterman, "but lacking strength."



WHERE MR. LLOYD-GEORGE SPARED A CADDIE: THE NICE GOLF COURSE. Mr. Lloyd-George was in high good humour at Nice. "Clear out," he cried (says the "Daily Mail"), when a caddie got in the way. "I don't want to have murder as well as the iniquitous Budget on my soul."

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Best Show Out of
London.

"Quite the best show out of London," was the verdict on the Scottish Motor Show, the thirteenth of its kind, which ran all last week, save when invaded by cauliflowers, Scotch kale, and the like, in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh. Following so hard upon the heels

of Olympia, no startling developments or novelties could be looked for, but, as the Show went, it was most undoubtedly an excellent compensation and sop to the Scot *who didna* come south in November last. Certain well-known leading firms, such as the Argyll, the Daimler, and the Darracq Company, were not represented by agents, but showed off their own bat. The new 10-h.p. and 20-h.p. Argylls were quite eagerly sought after, and were, I know, found more than to fulfil all I promised of them last week.

Daimlers Attract. The Daimler Stand enjoyed the magnetic attraction of the Silent Knight engine, and those who visited there for the purpose of making themselves acquainted with the inner economy of this wonderful and delightfully smooth-running engine regretted that no large working model, such as attracted crowds round the Olympia Stand, was staged for the enlightenment of the inquisitive Scot. Nevertheless, numbers were deeply impressed by the external neatness and simplicity of the engine, and the reassuring evidences of the sound work and material which go to the construction of a Daimler chassis.

Darracq's Interest. Much interest was

Propulsion for
Pluralists.

Napier and Jarrott are surely names to conjure with in automobile circles; they have been connected, or I should say contrasted, in many a severely contested struggle, from which both have issued with honour. But Charles Jarrott and a 45 h.p. Napier scored what is undoubtedly a record performance in electioneering tactics during the late election. A gentleman of years happened to have a vote in no fewer than six constituencies, all of which were polled on the same day. By the ordinary means of travel, no matter how one might juggle with a Bradshaw, this was an impossibility, but, armed with a 45-h.p. Napier, Charles Jarrott undertook that all these six votes should be notched up. Norwood, Ashford (Middlesex), Newhaven (Sussex), Herne Bay (Kent), and Leigh-on-Sea (Essex) had all to be attained. This Jarrott and the 45-h.p. Napier most completely effected by driving 344 miles with comfort and ease to the elderly passenger, who, a novice before, is now a confirmed motorist.

Aviation Records
to Dec. 31.

The Mixed Aerial Commission, if I may so Anglicise the composite body known as the Commission Aérienne Mixte, are, I am glad to see, carefully scrutinising and, where proof is genuine, endorsing flying records. A table of bests for duration in the air, distance, speed, distance in time, and passenger records, as they stand passed up to Dec. 31 last, has just been issued. By the items therein contained, it would appear that speed records are recognised, and may be attempted, at one, two, five, and ten kilometres, then from twenty by decimal stages to one hundred, after which there are jumps of fifty to one hundred and fifty and two hundred kilometres. The distances in time records are for periods of one quarter-hour, one half-hour, and one, two, three, and four hours; there are passenger records for duration, distance, and speed; also a height record.

THE NEW MOTOR BANK: DEPOSITING THE FIRST SHILLING.

Messrs. Farrow have just established a travelling motor bank, realising the difficulties experienced by many country people in outlying districts in banking their money. They intend to cover different parts of the country daily. Our illustration shows the first depositor—a school-boy—putting in his shilling.

Photograph by Topical.

Latham and
Farman Hold
Bouquets.

Of the single records, Latham stands at the head of the list with eight speed performances. Henry Farman comes next with the duration and distance records, one speed record, and three time bests. Tissandier holds four—one speed and three times; while Captain Juvisy, Wilbur Wright, and Blériot, stand for one speed-record each. It is remarkable that the pioneer Wright and the cross-Channel hero Blériot, whose aviatory fame is as dazzling as the rays from his lamps, should occupy such small niches in the record-corner. On the whole, Farman's flight at Mourmelon on Nov. 3, 1909, when he covered no less than 145½ miles, figures as the most meritorious aviatory performance of 1909, Blériot's sensational cross-Channel flight notwithstanding. Anyway, Farman thereby secured the much-prized Michelin Trophy for 1909.

[Continued on a later page]



ANOTHER AVIATRESS: A FAIR PILOT FOR THE "DEMOISELLE."

The world's second aviatrix has made her début at Paris on the classic aviation ground of Issy-les-Moulineaux, in a pretty little monoplane devised by M. Santos-Dumont. Her name is Mlle. Hélène Dutrieu, and the facetious remark has been made that she was "just the right kind of pilot for a 'Demoiselle'—which is what M. Dumont calls his baby aeroplane. Mlle. Dutrieu's first flight was a hundred yards.—[Photograph by Juvin, Paris.]

taken in that really wonderful example of pressed-steel work, the new Darracq frame, which was assuredly one of the chief features of Olympia, and has provoked the admiration of automobile engineers all over the world. To form in one piece the side-members, dumb-irons, crank-chamber, and gear-box supports, under-apron, and cross-members, together with an outer flange to take the body-work, must be characterised as a unique job in pressed work, and none the less remarkable that, complete, it makes a lighter, a stronger, and much more convenient structure than the assembled frame.

Nor Council nor
Commissioners.

It will probably transpire that the column demanding the distinguishing car letter and numbers in or on the license-forms lately issued by Borough and County Councils in their eagerness to collect their fees was inserted by some more or less irresponsible official, whose action doubtless will have to be covered by confirmation. Earl Russell would appear to have probed this matter to the bottom, and, in tackling the County Councils and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, has apparently brought them to the cry, "Please, Sir, 'twasn't me; 'twas the other fellow."



THE CHILDREN'S PENNIES: YOUTHFUL DEPOSITORS FOR THE NEW MOTOR BANK.

This illustration shows the school-children of Barcombe, Sussex, investing their pennies in the new motor bank. The car leaves Brighton each morning at nine, and runs to various villages, having a time-table with fixed calls for each place. The car is drawn up in the village square to enable inhabitants to pay in or withdraw their cash.—[Photograph by Topical.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Spring Handicaps. True, the acceptances for some of the handicaps to be run in the early part of the flat season are below the average in the matter of numbers, but quality is well to the fore, and I think we may safely look forward with confidence to seeing good sport. It should not be forgotten that the Lincoln Handicap will be run this year on March 15—quite a week earlier than usual. This means that, if we get bad weather, some of the horses will not be fit, and the old geldings, that require very little work, will have a big chance. I am told that Kaffir Chief is very likely to go close. He won the race two years back, and he has been jogging along at Newmarket throughout the winter. Artisan, if ridden by F. Wootton, would get no end of followers; while P'Anson, trained by Waller at Stockbridge, is a big street-corner tip. However, those speculating will, in my opinion, do best who wait until the day, and then invest their money at starting-price. There are several owners nowadays who do not put their commissions into the market until their numbers have gone up; and the little men who have learned to follow their lead seem to be able to last at the game, so that there must be something in the wrinkle worth considering. The Grand National will, as usual, produce a feast for those who enjoy cross-country racing. The fences, I am told, are very formidable to look at this year, yet we last season saw a young horse in Lutteur III. take them one and all seemingly without an effort. Cauben and Tom West are, I am told, good business; but there will be time enough to predict with confidence when we have seen some of those engaged perform elsewhere. I regret to see that Flaxman and Lutteur III. did not accept; but the race will be a real good one, and a record field may be looked for. The City and Suburban and Jubilee Stakes have yielded well.

M.P.s. The new House of Commons will contain a number of members who are interested in racing. Mr. Leonard Brassey was at one time a steward of the Jockey Club. The last horse he owned was Bay Ronald. Mr. Brassey is a son-in-law of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Colonel Hall Walker, who will continue to sit for Widnes, is a well-known owner, who bred Minoru. Many sportsmen of any shade of opinion will welcome the return of Mr. G. Verrall for Newmarket. Mr. Verrall, as a race-course official, has done yeoman service for the sport of kings. He is a hard worker and a deep thinker. Mr. Verrall is held in the highest esteem by his constituents and by all racing-men. Sir Samuel Scott, who will continue to sit for West Marylebone, has a few horses in training. He used to ride in flat-races, but he now prefers hunting. Sir Samuel is a son-in-law of the Earl of Cadogan and brother-in-law of Lord Lurgan. The Hon. Neil

Primrose, who has been elected for Wisbech, is a constant racegoer, and if his father should win the Derby with Neil Gow, I predict that fireworks will go up at the Durdans. Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, a son of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, is the chosen of Aylesbury. Like his father, he is fond of racing. Mr. H. Bottomley, who will continue to sit for South Hackney, is a good sport on the look-out for another Wargrave. May he find one! Mr. Henry Chaplin, the member for Wimbledon, continues to attend the chief race-meetings, though he owns no horses now; but he does not forget that once on a time he possessed a Hermit. Mr. Chaplin raced at a time when the plungers were at their best, and when, by-the-bye, the bookmakers were not afraid to lay fair prices. It was possible in '67 to take £100,000 out of the ring without anybody feeling it. Mr. G. D. Faber, the member for Clapham, owns a few horses, including Bushranger, a horse of moods.

Refreshments. I am told that the refreshment contractors at some of the race-meetings have done badly during the last few months. It seems that the motor-car is responsible for many of the club members being able to lunch in town before going to the races. It is notable that for many race meetings the trains are started much earlier than they need be, but this many

think is done so that racegoers should be compelled to lunch on the spot. Of course, I am very sorry for the contractors, who often have to provide a full supply of food and drink, only to find half of it left on their hands; while in the event of postponed or abandoned meetings their losses are very great. On the other hand, I feel certain that more people would go racing if the special trains were not started from London until a much later hour than rules at present. One o'clock should be quite time enough for leaving Waterloo when racing commences at Sandown Park, Hurst Park, or Kempton Park at two. This would suit a large section of City men, who must go to their offices

to attend to the day's correspondence, while it would admit of West-End idlers doing a little shopping before starting out for the course. At some of the meetings, notably Sandown Park, where the catering is good and cheap, racegoers always endeavour, if possible, to feed on the course; but at one or two meetings they prefer to lunch in town, which they can easily do if going down by motor. Winter catering is anything but a paying game. In

the old days, racegoers, as a matter of habit, always considered a portion of Irish stew was necessary to their well-being. Now they often lunch on coffee and cakes.



[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]

"THE HUNTER HOME FROM THE HILL": AN AMERICAN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS HORSE.

On the rock is an inscription to the memory of one of Mr. J. B. Harriman's pet hunters. It reads as follows: "Hungry Jim, Hunter, Died May 6th, 1902." Like the human hunter of whom Stevenson wrote, he is "home from the hill."



AFTER THE RACING IS OVER: THE ARGENTINE STUD-FARM AT SANTA CATALINA.

The Argentine Republic Stud-farm near Santa Catalina is interesting to British sportsmen as the present home of many of the most celebrated English racehorses that have ever looked through bridle. For many years representatives of the Argentine Government have attended all important sales of racehorses both in England and France, and numerous equine celebrities have left the land of their racecourse triumphs to end their days at leisure in the stud-farm of the South American Republic.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Baby of the "House." Mr. Mills, M.P., triumphs over Mr. McLaren, M.P., by a short twelve months in achieving the distinction of being the Baby of the new House of Commons. To be twenty-two and a full-fledged legislator must surely fill the cup of boyish happiness! A little while ago, to be the owner of the Derby winner as well would be to have attained the pinnacle of human ecstasy; but politicians and the Turf have parted company nowadays, and we look more to the personal prowess in sports or war of our Parliamentarians than to that of a horse in their stables. To be returned as members at the jocund years of these two boys recalls the political achievements of Lord Chatham's wonderful son. A hundred years ago a youth of less their age was often taken by his father to St. Stephen's to fire him with Parliamentary ambitions. These visits had anything but the desired effect, and he gave loud voice to his disappointment at the outward aspect of our legislative assembly. "What creatures did I see there!" he cried, with boyish exaggeration. "What faces—what an expression of countenance! what wretched beings!" The youth, though the son of a baronet and a county magnate, was marked for a higher destiny than that of serving on committees and being driven into a lobby by a party Whip. This youthful critic might have been the "Baby in the House" of 1810, but that he was born to touch the stars, and not to tinker with amendments. His name was Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Cheerful Spinsters. A female pessimist recently

described the fearsome grey days which, she imagined, must be the fate of all confirmed spinsters. As a matter of experience, these inevitable unrosy hours are the lot of married as well as single—of men still more than women. A man is usually more or less master of his fate and captain of his soul, and if he fails to make something of his life and find a mate while he is still pleasing, he must endure the torments of self-reproach in addition to a loveless and childless state. If all the world were full of happy couples and adoring families, one might spare a tear for the fate of the spinster, but it is a matter of notoriety that the most cheerful and humorous persons to be found in society are precisely these ladies who have elected to

the bachelor-woman of the upper and middle classes. Man seems a chivalrous being, always eager to do her a service, polite to fastidiousness, possessed of all the pleasing masculine virtues. To her, he is always hat in hand, eager, courageous, unselfish. She never hears him swear, nor sees him otherwise than armed for conquest. It is the matron who has to endure him in his less amiable moods and in his less becoming attire. The cheerfulness of the modern spinster is not put on: it results from her improved independence and the freer social relations of the sexes.

Faded Bachelors.

A little while ago, there appeared in one of the magazines a moving account of the sorrows of the faded elderly bachelor who lives in, and haunts, St. James's. To be unmarried when a man is young and curly is to wear a shining crown of social glory, to have the world at your feet and the smiles of the whole feminine sex; but what about the same individual who

has lived a narrow life confined to trivial pursuits and pleasures, who has kept aloof from responsibilities, and who has passed the age of sixty years? Yet men of this description burrow in hundreds in dingy "rooms" and chambers in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street. Their lives are a foolish and unmeaning routine. The same hour finds them daily at the same window of their club; it is they who keep up the ritual of the Row, of the afternoon call; and they are generally the sole specimens of their sex at those feminine saturnalia the kettledrum and the concert. Yet, after a while, pinched waists, shining shoes, and dyed moustaches are all employed in vain; the youthful generation knows them not, their hostesses smile on younger and more impetuous admirers, and the faded bachelor slinks back into his cheerless "chambers" until he is finally carried away to a still quieter abode. We may summarise the situation by saying that it is the Innocence of the spinster which keeps her cheerful, and the Experience of the bachelor which makes him sad.

Domesticity in Ten Days.

In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time, we shall be able to see a house which has been erected, decorated, and furnished in little more time than it took, according to the orthodox, to fashion a whole world. In ten days you will be able to have just such a house set up wherever you please, so that the perilous adventure of matrimony will be entered upon by impetuous young people with the certainty that, in less than half the time it takes to call the banns, a home will be ready for them, furnished from garret to cellar. How many marriages will suddenly be made at Olympia during this surprising exhibition remains to be seen.



[Copyright.]

FOR BRIGHT DAYS IN EARLY SPRING, A STRIPED TWEED COSTUME WITH THICK PIPINGS AND TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A NEW SEAMLESS BLOUSE OF SILK OR SATIN, WITH FRILL AND WRIST-RUFFLES OF SPOTTED NET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

remain celibates. One of the reasons for their pronounced optimism is that, as regards their masculine contemporaries, they have not lost their illusions. If a cynic wants to hear his sex pulled to pieces, he must frequent the society of matrons, not of maids. To

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Social Political Saturday Night.

The banquets and receptions preceding the opening of Parliament by the King, accompanied by the Queen, will be held on Saturday evening, the 19th inst. As I have said before, the Marchioness of Lansdowne will receive for the Unionists at Lansdowne House, and the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest at Wimborne House for the Lib-Lab-Nat-Rad side. Saturday night is quite a good one for such functions in London. They begin, as a rule, at ten, instead of half-past ten, and are well over by twelve. Many guests attend both receptions, for Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Guest have friends in both parties, as certainly



AN UNNECESSARY PROHIBITION: "ENTRÉE FORBIDDEN" TO A FLOODED PARIS STATION.

The legend, "Entrée Interdite," at an exit from the Paris Metropolitan Railway at St. Lazare Station, became distinctly superfluous in flood time, for the stairs were completely under water, and there was no disposition on the part of the public to break the rule, or the ice.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have. There are also numbers of official people who show no political bias. It is long now since we have seen the spare figure and alert face of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain at one of these big parties. His charming American wife is always a specially honoured guest at Lansdowne House, where everyone is anxious to hear the latest news of her distinguished husband.

Eastern Coiffures.

There is nothing artistic about the turban way of dressing the hair. It spoils the shape of the most beautifully modelled heads, and is the despair of hair-dressers who really love their work, because it is so heavy and tight-looking. All their instincts are to make women's hair look light and silky. The turban method of dressing has not even the merit of making the hair look as if it were grown on the premises, any more than the Oriental wishes you to believe that he grows his turban. We are wearing folds of hair instead of folds of muslin or silk, the hair much heavier and less hygienic. A much worse thing cannot come to us in hair-dressing, unless, indeed, we resort to the mode à la Chinois—that is, the pig-tail.

Dogs' Days.

What can we say of the magistrate who said "Rubbish!" when the mistress of a little white Pomeranian dog cried, in the witness-box, when she described how her little friend was crushed by a van. Perhaps it was rubbish, but there is a good deal of hard common-sense we have less sympathy with. No doubt, it was nobody's fault that the poor little Pom was crushed, and his mistress was foolish to claim damages. Still, the magistrate needn't have been unkind, even if he did disapprove. I have no liking for dog-lovers who bring the friends of humanity into ridicule, as a rich American lady whose dog gave a party in New York to twelve dog-friends. There was a tree hung with bones and meat-balls, and, later, the guests had a supper of every dainty dear to doggy palates. London streets are no place for doggies off a lead; their owners take them out at their own risk. Still, "Rubbish!" to a woman in tears over the death of even a canine friend riles one. The magistrate might learn from Portia how to season justice with sympathy as well as mercy.

Always Fresh and Dainty.

It gave a good many people to think, the other day, when they read the question, put by the disciple of ancient Greek clothing to the agent in a New York police-court, as to how long he had worn his suit and when it had been washed. "It won't show the dirt" is, to my mind, a wicked recommendation to any fabric for personal wear. We may not go so far as Mr. Duncan, the modern ancient Greek, but the frequent washing of our clothes

does appeal to us, and accounts largely for the popularity of shirts with my sex. Now, however, we have a new and a very beautiful material called Tobralco, which is as easily washed at home as a pocket-handkerchief, and actually looks more brilliant and silky the more it is washed. Charming designs in this delicate, purely white fabric are provided for dresses and blouses, and the price is tempting, too—only 9½d. a yard, 27 to 28 in. wide. It is also obtainable in black and in écru, all washing equally satisfactorily. Free paper patterns are given with all Tobralco purchased at drapers, or are sent on receipt of sixpence at request by Tobralco, 132, Cheapside, E.C. Samples and an album of fashions can be had free in the same way. It makes a really nice fabric trebly nice to know that it is frequently washed and never gets stodgy and stuffy. Tobralco, the home washable dress fabric, is a very welcome stride in the right direction.

For the Spring.

Fashions come in early this year, when Easter will come soon, and the weather is already touched with the spring spirit. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a striped tweed costume suitable for the bright days. It is trimmed with velvet and with thick pipings of the material. On the same page is illustrated one of the new seamless blouses made in silk or satin, with toby frill and wrist ruffles of spotted net. These will be much worn, and are admirably calculated to make the best of a good figure.

The Golden Calf.

The worship of this particular beast reached its zenith a couple of years ago, and is, I think, slowly on the wane. A hostess can now get young men to go for small dances; they arrive at her house in good time, dance everything played for them, and are quite happy with an ordinary, comfortable supper. There are quantities of these pleasant dances between Ash Wednesday and Holy Week. They are little advertised and greatly enjoyed, being much more popular than the big balls of the season. Boys begin to show ever so much better manners too, which is a sign that the golden calf's charms begin to pale. It is a rude, dunderheaded, gross kind of beast, that could not keep nice English lads and lasses on their knees to it for long. There are many middle-aged worshippers who will grovel until they die, complaining if there are not quails smoking hot, the best brand of champagne, a few royal guests—for the call of gold is an awful snob—in fact, going about seeking what they may defame if the entertainment is not in their eyes first-rate. Their eyes are such bulging, greedy-looking "windows" that we may know by them that the golden beast rules over the place vacated by the soul. Happily, the young folk are shaking off the idea that only ostentation is smart, and that smartness is the end-all and be-all of life; and to the young people belongs the future and the pith of the present.

An Explorer on New Ground.

Sir Ernest Shackleton opened the Science Buildings, which are the most recent addition to the equipment of St. Leonard's School, St. Andrew's, famous because it was one of the first great modern



ALMOST AS EXPENSIVE AS "CHANTECLER": PADEREWSKI'S POULTRY WHICH COST £1400.

These four hens and cock belong to M. Paderewski, the famous pianist, who recently paid 35,000 francs for them in America. They are at his home at Morges, near Lausanne.

Photograph by Sport ana General.

public schools for girls. The explorer was heartily cheered by the girls, who wore their picturesque school cloaks, as he turned the key in the lock. The Council and Miss Bentinck-Smith, the head-mistress, entertained a distinguished company on the occasion. Sir Ernest later delivered his lecture and had a most enthusiastic audience in the embryo scientists, who are now provided with laboratories, a lecture-theatre, and everything necessary for the study of science. Girls are given good chances nowadays!

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 23.

THE MARKETS.

GLOOM has been the prevailing note in the Stock Exchange during the week: probably the uncertainty in Home politics and the knowledge that, whatever happens, the Government must indulge in heavy borrowing has had as much to do with the trouble as the fears of Near Eastern entanglements and the partial break in the Rubber Boom. Consols have travelled to below 82, on their way to that lower level which we have warned our readers to expect; while practically all the gilt-edged Home Government stocks show shrinkages from their last make-up prices. The price of Consols is both humiliating and dangerous to the whole community, and some steps should be taken to prevent the continuance of the drop, which places our national credit about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above that of many of our colonies, a margin which is fast disappearing. British Columbia 3 per cent. stock stands at about 87, and our own Local Loans 3 per cent. at 95 $\frac{1}{2}$.

HOME RAIL RESULTS.

The results of the Home Railway half-year continue to be satisfactory, the Hull and Barnsley dividend showing an increase of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; while the Midland distribution of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. extra on the Deferred stock was better than most people had expected, as it means that £100,000 more is available for dividend, with a published traffic-increase of only £10,000. The net profits of the North-Eastern have improved by over £200,000, although the gross traffic increase proved to be only £150,000, and the Great Central is dividing £64,000 more than for 1908.

It is curious how little response the market prices make to the improved showing of the Roads, either because people have little faith in the continuance of trade improvement which is making itself evident, or they prefer to place their money out of the reach of Mr. Lloyd-George. Perhaps they are wise! If the Railways would give holders of stocks the option of converting their registered shares into bearer certificates (which they could very easily do), perhaps it would increase their popularity, and certainly a Continental holding might thereby be induced. A good market for English Rails in Paris and Amsterdam would be a great advantage.

OFFICIAL STOCK EXCHANGE COMMISSION.

For our part, we have no hesitation in saying that the official scale of commission fixed by the Stock Exchange Committee and published in most of the newspapers is needlessly, if not absurdly, high. Possibly the Committee felt that they would have to make concessions and compromises, whatever scale they fixed, so they loaded the figures as far as possible in order to take off some part of the charges afterwards. It is always easier and more graceful to lower rates than to raise them, and we are convinced that, unless the Committee revise the scale of charges in the share-list pretty drastically, business will suffer enormously. This, probably, the Committee knew and felt, and we look forward with confidence to seeing the pruning-knife applied vigorously before the Rule comes up for confirmation on March 2.

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICANS.

Breaks and bulges are the apparent rocks between which the prices of Americans will be shuttlecocked without decided tendency for some time to come. By calling in the loans upon collaterals that had exhausted their margin of security, the banks in New York created a feeling of profound depression last week, uneasiness and anxiety mingling with the discomfort of seeing prices slide, to the detriment of other issues elsewhere. For the open bull account in London is comparatively small. The bulk of the large volume of shares now being financed by London is on behalf of United States holders, and although dealers hang about in Shorter's Court until eight o'clock every night, they find very little to do for account of British operators. On the breaks, it seems right cautiously to buy shares. Those who take up Yankees at the present levels are likely to do well before another six months are passed; and even the little shares, such as Erie and Missouri, begin to look attractive in view of the possibilities for a strong recovery when the market settles down again in the days of cheaper money.

RUBBER, RUBBER EVERYWHERE.

No matter what class you travel in the train, you hear rubber talked *ad nauseam et ad infinitum*. It is the same in the City and the suburb; at breakfast, lunch, or dinner; at the intervals in the theatre, during the pianoforte solos at a concert, in the card-room of the club, and the billiard-saloon off the Strand. Rubber, rubber everywhere. The tearing of the boom and consequent deflation of most of the prices is merely a sauce adding piquancy to the excitement. We live for rubber; we positively revel—some people seem positively to wallow—in rubber.

CONCERNING THE RUBBER MARKET.

Yes, we do think prices are exceedingly high, even after their fall, but that is not to say they won't go better. The rubber boom

isn't done with—make your mind quite clear on that point. It is very much a matter of individual choice whether you care to speculate in the high-priced shares like Selangor, Linggis, Consolidated Malay, Anglo-Malay (these are some of the best), or the lower-priced ones, such as Merlimau, Chersonese, Malayalam, Beaufort Rubber, London Sumatra, Rim, and the like. These last we believe to be quite good concerns, with sound prospects, but, of course, if the liquidation of the enormous bull account continues, there must of necessity be a further fall. To speak with any degree of certainty as to the course of the market within the next few weeks is an utterly hopeless task, save for mere guessing; but we think that the under-current is sufficiently strong to save prices from experiencing anything in the nature of a slump.

WAIHI GOLD.

Waihi Gold shares were first recommended as a sound Mining investment in these columns at some £4, I think, below their present price, and no recommendation has ever caused me less anxiety. Year by year this Company continues to increase its dividend, its output of bullion, and its ore-reserves, and, so far as can be seen at present, this happy condition of things is likely to continue for many years to come. Although the mine has been worked for over twenty years, and has yielded over £8,000,000 in that time, the lowest level being opened up is only 1000 feet down the shaft, and the mills could be fed for many years without sinking another foot. The ore-reserves at the end of 1908 were 1,329,872 tons; during 1909, 416,813 tons have been crushed, and it will no doubt be found, when the annual report is issued, that the ore-reserves in sight have again been added to. Quarterly dividends of 4s. net are being paid, together with a bonus, which will probably amount to 2s., due in June. The principal work of the past twelve months has been the cutting and development of the various reefs on the Ninth Level, but only a portion of this work has been, so far, accomplished. It will be remembered that the striking feature of the Eighth Level, immediately above, was the extraordinary size and richness of the Edward Lode, which in two successive cross-cuts was proved to be 75 ft. wide worth £10 5s. 10d. per ton, and 92 feet wide worth £3 3s. 10d. per ton. The Edward Lode on the Ninth Level is not expected to be reached until July next, and the greatest interest will naturally be felt as to how far the size and value of the lode are maintained. In the meantime, the Royal, Empire, and Martha Lodes have been met with and driven on for the following distances: the Royal Lode, 1014 feet; the Empire, 1062 feet; and the Martha for 382 feet. So far, the size and value of the lodes appear to be about as good as on the Eighth Level. At 550 west the Empire Lode proved to be 55 feet wide, of which the first 10 feet were worth 44s. per ton; the next 20 feet, 16s. 7d.; the next 20 feet, 83s. 3d.; and the last 5 feet, 168s. 3d. per ton. At 300 west the width was 15 feet and the value 37s. 8d. per ton; but further exploration proved that, 12 feet further north, there was another body of ore 34 feet wide and worth 79s. 5d. per ton. The Martha Reef, where it was met in the cross-cut, proved to be 86 feet wide, 30 feet of which was worth 105s. 8d. per ton, and the reef is now being developed. The quarterly report issued last week contains the important information that the New Zealand Government have granted the Company a license to take 10,000-horsepower from the Hora Hora Rapids. This will result in a substantial diminution of working-costs, and will also provide surplus power for further extensions of the mills. Q.

P.S.—From the statements made by Mr. Herbert Wright at the statutory meeting of the *Java Amalgamated Rubber Estates*, on Thursday last, this Company's shares would appear to be a very promising investment. The £1 shares are quoted at only 6s. premium. Many experts are of opinion that Java will beat all the rest of the East as a rubber-producer, mainly owing to the abundance of cheap labour in the island.

Saturday, Feb. 5, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOVICE.—We have dealt with your letter in a note this week. In addition to the Companies mentioned there, Eastern Produce Company's shares or Scottish Tea and Rubber Trust shares might suit you. Both were dealt with in our issue of Jan. 26. See also "Q's" suggestion.

OH AA.—The Company is a good one; but if you could get 5s. net profit in the present state of the Rubber Market, you might take it. The price is not so high now, we fear.

A. T.—(1) See this week's "Notes" as to Waihi. (2) The Gas amalgamation has been sanctioned, but, as far as we know, the new shares are not yet issued.

(3) Do not sell the Argentine Rails.

G. J.—(1) Do not sell. The mine is a good one, and matters have been improving lately. The shares were originally 20s., then split into 10s. shares, and then to 2s. 6d. shares. (2) Very good mining investment. (3) The same observations apply as to No. 1. (4) We should not sell. There is a big effort being made by the Yankees to squeeze this Company out. No dividend has been paid since 1907; but in 1906 30 per cent. was paid on the Ordinaries, and good times may well come back. (5) No information. Rink shares are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and nobody knows anything about them. (6) The mine depends more on sulphur than on copper. It is a 10 per cent. investment, but not likely to increase or decrease much in price. (7) No information obtainable. Company a foreign one. No market here; shares called nominally 2s. 6d.

W. I. W. G. D.—(a) No. (b) Try "How to Read the Money Article," by Charles Duguid, published at 2s. 6d. net.

ELSWICK.—We think 1, 4, and 6 would suit you. Many of the Companies named are quite unknown on the London market, and we know nothing of them.

CLONMANY.—Not much information obtainable, and what there is, unsatisfactory. We have no faith in the Company or its prospects.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Hurst Park, Round Dance may win the Champion Steeplechase; N.B., the Molesey Steeplechase; Quarry, the Maiden Hurdle; Mago Pico, the February Hurdle; and Autocar, the Grange Steeplechase. At Haydock, Agglethorpe may win the February Hurdle; Dandaloo, the Earlstown Hurdle; and Herbert Vincent, the Great Central Steeplechase. For Lingfield I like these: February Hurdle, Old Nick; Gravetye Hurdle, Pinjane; Lingfield Steeplechase, Rough Pup; Hever Hurdle, Wepener; Gentlemen Riders' Hurdle, Goldwin.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Coming Aero Exhibition.

The London public will assuredly show much keener interest in the Aero Exhibition, to open at Olympia in the early part of March next, than they did in the show held nearly twelve months ago. In the short space of one year much has happened in aviation circles to popularise the sport, and where one man talked flying then a hundred or more now discuss it with animation and some knowledge. Up to the moment of writing, no fewer than thirty machines, which have absolutely flown—or should I say, have been flown?—are arranged for, among them being the historic Wright, the Blériot monoplane (upon which the great optico-aviator of that name flew the Silver Streak), the bijou "Demoiselle" of Santos-Dumont, and the Clement. The Hon. Charles S. Rolls and Mr. Moore Brabazon, who (if we do not claim Farman as a fellow-countryman, and I really think it savours of impudence so to do) can claim the high distinction of being the first Englishmen to soar mechanically, will both exhibit.

The R.A.C. and Associates Dine.

It is generally difficult to repeat successes, but from time to time, as on Thursday of last week, the unexpected happens. This was so with the second annual dinner of the Royal Automobile Club and its associated clubs, in the huge and sumptuous banqueting hall of the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Kingsway. In the unavoidable absence of Prince Francis of Teck, the chair was taken by the late chairman, the Hon. A. Stanley, M.P., who was supported by Prince Alexander of Teck, who devilled for his brother. Also present were Lord Claude Hamilton, M.P., Sir Henry Cunynghame, Sir Henry Norman, Assistant



WITNESS TO THE VALUE OF "CHALLENGE" RE-INFORCED INNER TUBES: A COVER THUS FITTED THAT HAS DONE 3000 MILES.

This old cover affords what might be called irrefragable testimony to the value of Challenge Re-inforced Inner Tubes. The cover was fitted to a 14-16-h.p. Belsize car, and under R.A.C. supervision a hole was cut in it as large as the palm of the hand. A re-inforced inner tube was inserted, and the above record mileage has since been obtained. These tubes mean more mileage and greater safety to the motorist.

Postmaster-General, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and Mr. Alfred Bird, M.P.

Motors Save £60,000.

Some years ago, the carriage of the mails by motor and road was much discussed, the occasional breakdowns being strongly emphasised, and the good, regular work done passed over in silence. Now, however, that we have a keen veteran motorist second in command at St. Martin's le Grand, we come into possession of some interesting facts. In proposing the toast of Automobilmism, Sir Henry Norman gave some interesting and startling information with regard to the G.P.O. motor mails. There are thirteen motor mail services running out of London every day, each covering some thirty-two miles. They serve places on the big outer ring of London, such as Kingston and Enfield. There are also several services for the foreign mails. Altogether, the P.O. motor mails cover 40,000 miles per month, and effect an annual saving of public money of £60,000.

The Ray-Deflector. A few nights ago I noticed a car approaching me along a suburban main-road and presenting two dazzling globes of light, which, much as I favour powerful lights for night driving, were really bewildering enough to call for prohibition. Very shortly, however, the glare suddenly vanished, and the oncoming lamps resembled nothing more than lanterns illuminated by an ordinary gas-jet. Happily, the car, which carried no passengers, stopped presently at the gate of a private house, and I interrogated the driver. I found that, by means of a Bowden-wire and lever fitted on the steering-standard, he was able to move the acetylene flame some considerable distance out of focus, when the glare immediately ceased. This is called the Seabrook Patent Ray-Deflector, and would seem to do all that is required when coming into agglomerations with bright headlights.

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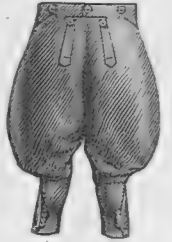
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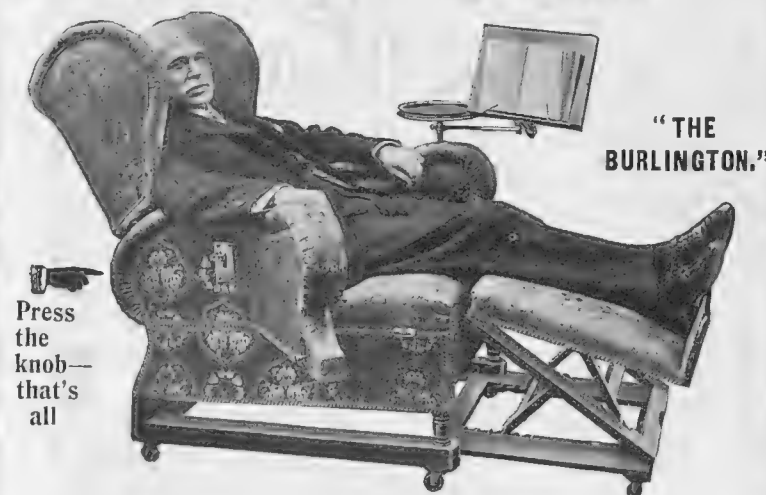
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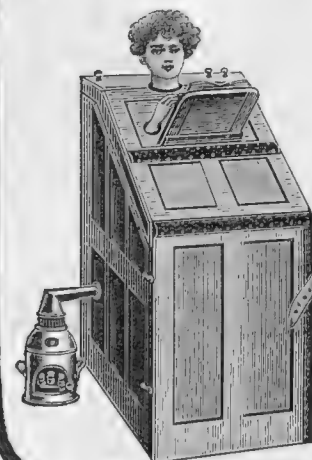
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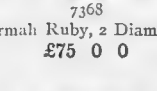
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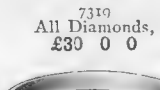
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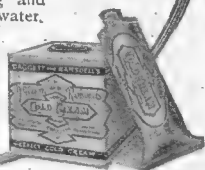
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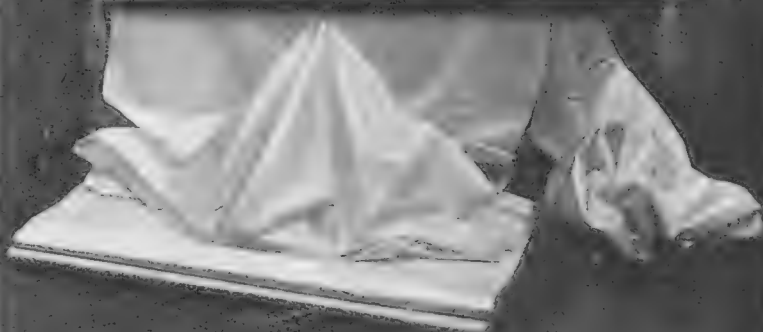
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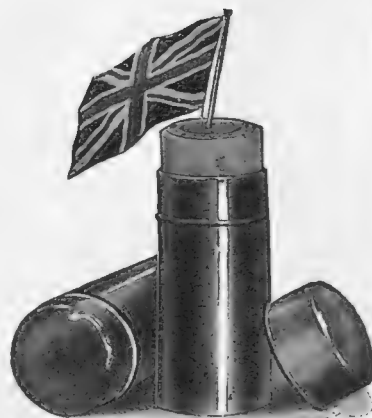
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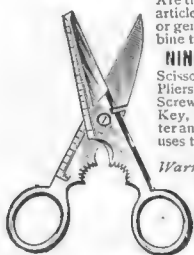
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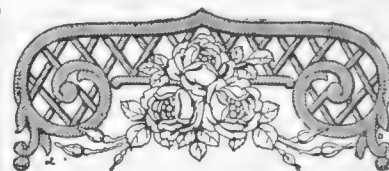
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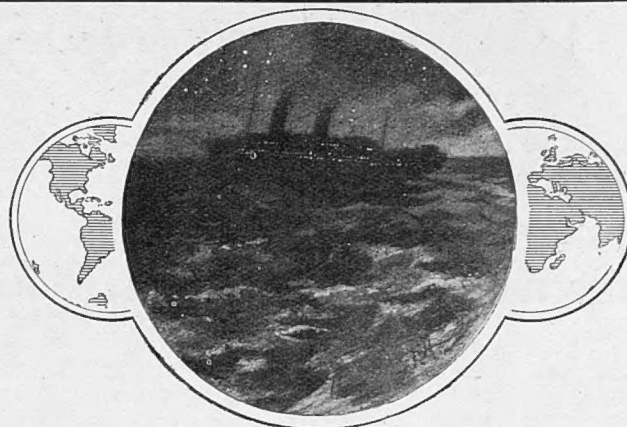
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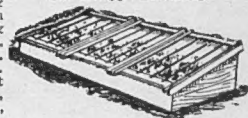


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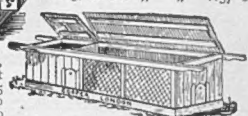


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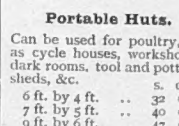


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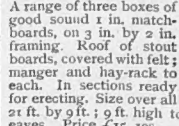


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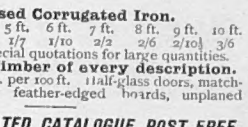
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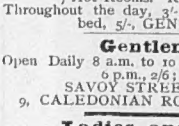
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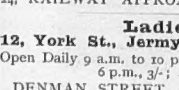
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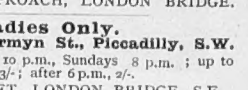
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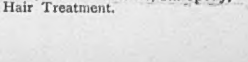
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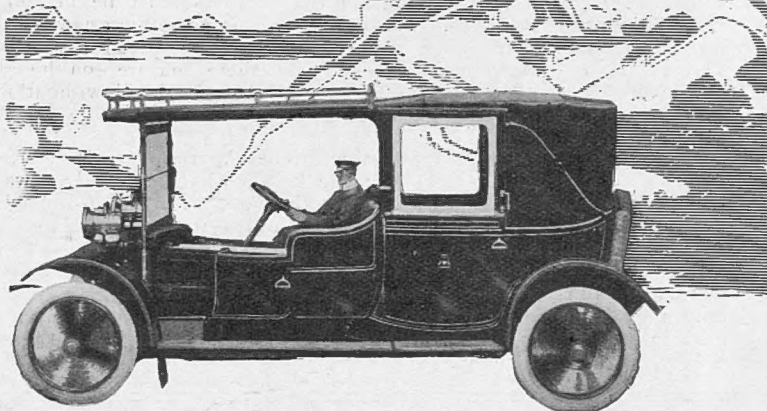
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NOVELS.

"The Valley of the Kings."

Never was there such a time as the present for the author with a label—"romantic," "South African," "historical," as the case may be. It is only when a writer, greatly daring, insists on writing something outside his groove that his bewildered public resents it. Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, for example, having written "Said the Fisherman," shifted his scene to England and wrote a clever social study. Aggrieved people promptly waved him back to the Near East. They will never know what they have lost; nor will they care while he follows up a recognised success by such books as this new one, "The Valley of the Kings" (John Murray). There is no romance in it—which is, perhaps, a subtle revenge for the lack of proper appreciation shown for the English novel. There is instead a masterly delineation of character, and the will-o'-the-wisp attraction of a treasure that was not a treasure at all, except in the imagination of Iskender, who was not, to be candid, a credit to the missionaries who manufactured him out of the Syriac heathen. Iskender lied until he believed his own lies. The phenomenon is not peculiar to Asia Minor; but we think Mr. Pickthall's characterisation serves a purpose in suggesting it to be a by-product of semi-education. Iskender's muddled brain was incapable of distinguishing right from wrong, and woe befell the Englishman who gave him the hand of fellowship. It is a brilliant little book.

"The Wrong Side of Destiny."

A proper sense of proportion seems somehow to have been lacking in the perfect mother of "The Wrong Side of Destiny" (Cassell), by Miss Mary Moore, else it is difficult to see how she could have made the fatal mistake with which her story closes. We will not reveal what that mistake was, and it is led up to with so much address and remains so much of a conundrum that readers must be invited to consider it for themselves. For one thing, it is something new—surely an exceptional matter in a modern novel. The question is would David's mother, knowing David—? But there you are—on the edge of the mystery! Read "The Wrong Side of Destiny" without fail, and solve the riddle of the woman in it, if you can.

"The Invincible Amelia."

The indefatigable Mme. Albanesi trots cheerfully in her groove: she knows what her readers want, and she sees that they get it. "The Invincible Amelia" (Methuen) is as light as froth, and as innocuous. Here the writer shows ingenuity, for Amelia was a bit of an adventuress—yet an adventuress whose escapades leave a pleasant taste behind them, you understand. There is no harm in poor, penniless, pretty Amelia, only a girl's proper hankering after good things, and a certain adroitness in snatching them from the lap of Fate. It is a good story for a lazy, fireside afternoon.

"Diamond Cut Paste."

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have spiced "Diamond Cut Paste" (Murray) with their delightful wit. It permeates the history of the duel between Lady Gertrude Esdale—a gem of the first water, not Bayswater, as Mr. Huntley Wright would say—and "Emerald Fanny," a pinchbeck imitation whom Sir Reginald Esdale mistook for the genuine article. It would be comparatively easy to steep a tale of this kind in melancholy: it is a melancholy subject, if you consider the middle-aged wife, waiting at home for a husband who returns in the toils of an impudent little schemer. Mr. and Mrs. Castle never allow it to droop, never allow their plucky lady to flag in her enterprise of recovery. The Emerald Fannys of this world are no match for a true wife with a sense of humour and a tactful audacity. This is the admirable lesson, admirably told, of "Diamond Cut Paste."

"The Unlucky Mark."

The Indian atmosphere of Mrs. F. E. Penny's new book is convincing; but her plot is a little clumsy. One hears it creaking on its wheels. Dharma Govinda's manipulation of the two horses is not well managed, or at least it is not well described. Mrs. Penny tells a readable story, which is sure to be in great demand at the libraries; but where "The Unlucky Mark" (Chatto and Windus) shines is just where the reader of light novels will fail to mark its excellence. The descriptions of Indian scenery and life are far too good to be skipped, as we fear they will be skipped, by people intent upon the love-affairs of sundry Anglo-Indians.

"Villa Rubein; and Other Stories."

Mr. John Galsworthy's "Villa Rubein" (Duckworth) will not attract the eye of the simple pleasure-seeker. There is nothing cheap or ready-made about it; and it cannot be described as a showy article. It is powerful, giving the impression of confident strength in reserve. Its charm lies there; but whether the multitude will perceive it is doubtful. The stories range back to a first publication nine years ago. The John Galsworthy who moved steadily onwards from "A Man of Property" to the inspiration and achievement of "Fraternity" is potential in these stories; he is feeling his way through them to the place he has attained.

"A Legacy of the Granite Hills."

Real treasure was to be had for the taking in "A Legacy of the Granite Hills" (John Long), which does not trouble itself about niceties of character, but tells a good story, well seasoned with love and warfare, and has done with it. That sounds a little like covert disparagement; but it really is a good story, as we found, rather to our surprise. Mr. Bertram Mitford must take the responsibility for handicapping himself with an impossible heroine; it says much for his ability that the book survives, if not quite as a masterpiece, at any rate as a very good specimen of the author's popular style of fiction.

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by adopting the Antexema treatment, and wherever you go you will find witnesses to this fact. Eczema, eruptions, blackheads, pimples, bad legs, nettlerash, and all the myriad forms of skin illness are cured by Antexema. It does not matter how severe the trouble is, how long it has lasted, or how unsuccessful you may have been hitherto in gaining relief. You can commence the Antexema treatment with the most perfect confidence of a complete and permanent cure. Every day you delay beginning the Antexema treatment you are enduring unnecessary annoyance and discomfort. Take your cure in hand immediately, eradicate your skin illness, and have a clear, healthy skin. If your skin is at all unhealthy, use Antexema and prove its healing and curative powers. Use Antexema once, and you will need no more persuasion. You will know that every claim made for Antexema fails to do justice to its actual merits. The makers will never be satisfied while there is a single skin sufferer who does not know this magnificent remedy. Do you know about Antexema? Do you realise that

it will cure every form of skin complaint? Have you any skin trouble? Finally, have you tried Antexema? If not, go at once to your chemist and procure a bottle.

Mrs. E. C., of Pimlico (address on application), writes: "I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the good Antexema has done my little girl. She does not look the same. All my friends wondered what I had used to make her face so smooth and clear after ten years of rough and dried-up skin. No photograph could do justice to the change."



Antexema cures baby rashes and every skin ailment.

Under the term skin troubles are included serious skin affections, and also slight everyday complaints. Anything that affects the health of the scarf or outer skin, or detracts from its appearance, is a form of skin illness, and requires immediate attention. Pimples and blackheads are forms of skin illness, and red, rough, or scurfy skin, cuts, burns, and boils are all varieties of skin affection, and, unimportant as some of these may seem, they are the enemies of good looks and comfort. Then again, there are the skin troubles of children, teething rash, also facial blemishes, nettlerash, ringworm, leg wounds, barber's rash, but most frequent of all are the

Various Forms of Eczema comprising eczema of the face, hands, legs, back, arms, and chest, which in innumerable cases inflict torture on the sufferer. It is almost impossible to realise the misery and humiliation many people endure as a result of eczema, either in its acute or chronic, dry, moist, or scaly form, but the facts would be brought home keenly to your imagination were you to see the letters received from those whom Antexema has cured. Imagine, for instance, sufferers being unable to sleep properly for months owing to intolerable irritation, and you can then realise the delight of those who, by using Antexema, have got rid of the eczema, and are now able to attend to their daily business in comfort, and to

enjoy restful sleep at night. As soon as Antexema touches the irritating place, all discomfort and annoyance fly away as if by magic. Give Antexema a trial, and you will gain immediate relief and soon be completely cured.

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Antexema cures every form of eczema, dry, weeping, or scaly.

you would doubtless like to know how Antexema cures. Antexema is not a greasy ointment but an antiseptic, creamy-looking liquid which is absorbed as soon as it is gently applied to the skin. It forms an invisible, artificial skin over the bad place and, any germs of disease that may have got in are destroyed, and the further entrance of these enemies to health is prevented. Consequently the healing virtues of Antexema have free play, and your cure is not hindered by the presence of anything that can do mischief. In very many instances, skin troubles are the result of blood impurity. In all such cases Antexema Granules should be taken internally, as they possess marvellous blood-purifying virtues. All who wish to have a clear, healthy skin should also make it an invariable rule to use Antexema Soap for bath and toilet, as it is a perfect soap, and its fitness for the complexion is shown by the improvement that follows its use.

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